TAMERLANE THE GREAT.

A TRAGEDY

As it is Acted by their Majesties Servants

AT THE

Theatre Royal

By *C. SAUNDERS*, Gent.

——*Neque adhuc virtus in floribus ulla est,*
Transit in Æstatem post Ver robustior annus,
Fitquè Valens Juvenis—— Ovid Metam.

LONDON.
Printed for *Richard Bentley* and *M. Magnes* in *Russel Street* near *Covent-Garden*, 1681.

THE PREFACE.

THIS Play, as it was Writ only for my divertiſement at Vacant Hours, or Recreation after ſeverer Studies, was never deſign'd to ſee the light, at leaſt not betray the weakneſs of its Author ſo publickly on the Stage, or more univerſally in Print, had not the Communication of it to one or two Friends ſpread the rumour of it ſo far about the Town and Univerſity, that running like Wild-Fire through every place, it kindled a general expectation in all that either knew me in my ſelf, or by my Friends to ſee it in Publick.

Nevertheleſs, their perſwaſions and inducements cou'd not make me Preſume, to truſt ſo far to my own ſmall abilities, or to rely ſo much on my own weak Judgment, as to ſend it forth into the World, until it had paſt the Cenſures of ſome (I may ſay) the greateſt part of the Witty and Judicious Men of the Town; untill it had receiv'd ſome Rules for Correction from Mr. Dryden himſelf, who alſo was pleaſ'd to Grace it with an Epilogue, to which it ows no ſmall part of its ſucceſs.

After this, I thought I might ſafely enough commit it to its Fortune, and having had the Approbation of the Greater, I preſume it was Protected from falling under the Cenſure of the Leſſer, and half Witted Judges.

But no ſooner can a young Writer appear in the World, but he is look'd upon by thoſe ſquint-ey'd Pretenders, to wit, no leſs than ſome Notorious Malefactor, or Branded Outlaw, whom all may Proſecute, Attaint, Judge, Condemn, or what they pleaſe, cum Privilegio.

For paſſing by ſome, whoſe more nice Judgment, or rather prying appetite, can find faults where few others wou'd ſuſpect them, ſome whoſe ſharper Wit is Satyrically employ'd in turning the beſt thoughts into Ridicule, to Ruine a Writer, as it were betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt; There are others who wanting the ſenſe to diſcern, what is, and where a true Fault lies, nay, ſometimes to diſtinguiſh it from a Beau-

ty, will yet in ſpight of Stupidity have their ſhare too in Damning the Reputation of an Author; and the means they took, was to give out, that this was only an Old Play Tranſcrib'd.

But I hope I may eaſily unload my ſelf of that Calumny, when I ſhall teſtifie that I never heard of any Play on the ſame Subject, untill my own was Acted, neither have I ſince ſeen it, though it hath been told me, there is a Cock-Pit Play, going under the name of the Scythian Shepherd, or Tamberlain the Great, which how good it is, any one may Judge by its obſcurity, being a thing, not a Bookſeller in London, or ſcarce the Players themſelves, who Acted it formerly, con'd call to Remembrance, ſo far, that I believe that whoever was the Author, he might e'en keep it to himſelf ſecure from invaſion, or Plagiary; But let thoſe who have Read it Convince themſelves of their Errors, that this is no ſecond Edition, but an entirely new Play.

Moreover, utterly to overthrow this Objection, I muſt acquaint you that I drew the deſign of this Play, from a late Novell, call'd Tamerlane and Aſteria, which I'm ſure bears not half the Age of the Tragedy before mention'd, and I am confident the Characters are quite different.

The laſt and worſt aſſertion is caſt upon me, is, that I was help'd by others in the performance. But if I have not Friends that can clear me of this alſo, I hope the Congruity of the Style throughout the whole Play will teſtifie the ſimplicity of the Author.

This I think may ſatisfie my more equal Judges, that this Trifle is mine own, or if you will, honeſtly begotten between me, and my Muſe, which I hope is yet ſo Chaſt, and her Reputation ſo ſound, as not to have her Iſſue Branded with Plurality of Fathers.

Thus we ſee what kind of Criticks we have now-a-dayes, that can lye by the whole ſale, and Damn a Play in a Breath, that we may the more eaſily bear with them who pique at word by word, and thought by thought, in a more modeſt retail manner.

I ſhall not now ſtrive to defend this Trifle in any particular Circumſtances, but leave it to thoſe of a more impartial Judgment; hoping firſt they may not find as many faults, as they expect, next that they wou'd be ſo kind as to wink at thoſe which do occur, attributing them to the Youth of the Author, and conſequently his want of experience, and Judgment.

To

To my ingenious Friend Mr. *Charles Saunders*, on his Play of *Tamerlane*.

When Night has thrown her ſable Veſt away,
And the Sun's mounted on the Wings of day,
Bright as Parnaſſus *all around he Guilds,*
Firſt the young Trees, and then the Mother Fields,
To Youth, and Morn ſuch Glories offers he,
Which Age can only wonder at and ſee,
But when the God has reacht the middle way,
He the World viſits with a courſer Ray,
Whips his dull Steeds, and haſtens to the Sea,
Cooling his Treſſes on the Amber Shore,
Then hates what he ſo well did love before:
Or as an Infant ſpring, that from the ſide
Of ſome lone Hill does through the Meadows glide,
Whoſe Chryſtal Waters as they ſilent paſs,
Aford the Nymphs both Dreſs, *and Looking Glaſs,*
Who take the yellow Sands *that lye below,*
And on their Heads the Golden Powder throw,
Whilſt the Rich Flood moſt prodigally decks
With Rings their fingers, and with Pearls their necks
In whoſe clear Stream the Heav'ns delight to play
Phœbus *to waſt the tedious Summers Day,*
The Moon and Stars, the live-long Night away,
Beneath 'tis Spring, above, Eternal Ray,
It's Winter Bloom, and ev'ry Seaſon May.
But track theſe Beauties, and before they've run
More Miles than Youth has years, they all are gone,
Strong Tydes moleſt its' wanton Courſe and o're
It's hoary ſwelling Head huge Tempeſts roare,
And all it's Glebes are Sandy like it's Shore.
Till ſick with Storms and every ſurly Blaſt,
'Tis forc'd to make the Sea its Grave at laſt.
On then brave Youth with Harp Divinely ſtrung,
And ſing more ſweet than ever Antients ſung,
Than Orpheus, Homer, *or than* Cowley *Young;*
E're Age ſhall come and thou ſhalt live to ſee
That Fumbling time of Love and Poetry.
Now of the Young, you all the vigor ſhew,

And

And of the Old the ſolid Judgment too:
To you the Merits of e'm both belong,
Not Alexander *fought ſo very Young,*
Nor Conquer'd he the mighty World ſo ſoon
As you have charm'd, and all the Muſes won;
And wiſe Minerva, *like a Mother fond,*
With her own Wreaths thy darling Temples Crown'd,
Has thee o're all thy Elder Brothers plac'd,
And with a Benjamins *large Portion grac'd.*
But let me not in wondring at your Youth,
Forget what's due to Friendſhip and to Truth.
Know Wit, like Beauty, pleaſes where it harms;
A Checquer'd Serpent 'tis with Sting and Charms:
And happy's he that never thinks at all,
And far more happy is that laviſh Fool,
That dully waſts his Fortunes on a Whore,
Than he that ſplits upon this dangerous Shore.
Not Spencer *dead, nor* Spencer *now alive*
Cou'd ever find a way by Wit to thrive:
It is a Dream of Wealth, a Fairy Land,
A fickle Treaſure graſp'd like Golden Sand,
Which, as 'tis held, does vaniſh through the Hand.
The Lethargy of the beſt natur'd Mind,
A Foe to Buſineſs, and to all unkind;
Like that too kills inſenſible and ſure:
For he with Verſe diſeaſ'd, does ſtill the more
Court his lov'd Plague, and itches to be poor;
A Mark where vile Pretenders loſe their aim,
And ev'n the beſt get but an empty Name.
Launch out young Merchant new ſet up of Wit,
The World's before thee, and thy Stock is great,
Sail by thy Muſe, but never let her guide,
Then without danger you may ſafely glide
By happyer Studies ſteer'd, and quickly gain
The promis'd Indies *of a hopeful Brain,*
Bring home a Man betimes that may Create
His Country's Glory in the Church, or State.

J. Bankes.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Tamerlane *Emperor of the* Tartars.
Bajaſet *Emperor of the* Turks.
Arſanes, Mandricard } *Sons to* Tamerlane.
Odmar, Abdalla } *Counſellors.*
Axalla, Zanches } *Friends to* Arſanes.

Women.

Aſteria *Daughter to* Bajaſet
Iſpatia *Wife to* Mandricard
Zayda *Confident of* Aſteria.

Prieſts, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene Samarcanda.

PROLOGUE.

HOw modern Prologues differ from the Old!
Thoſe ſu'd and pray'd, but theſe huff, rail, and ſcold.
Now ſure the Poets of our age preſume
They have out-done the wits of Greece *and* Rome;
Who by ill-natur'd Satyr ſtrive t'obtain
What they by low ſubmiſſion ſought to Gain.
What bold Offendor ever yet found Grace
By ſpitting vilely in his Judges Face?
Yet they ſo fondly do themſelves eſteem,
They hiſs at you, yet think you ſhou'd Clap them.
Nay Branding you for Fools in open Pit,
Hold it your Duty to cry up their Wit.
Vollies of Curſes on your heads they ſend,
Damn one of them, They injur'd right pretend;
And with unreaſonable Confidence
Excuſe their Failings by your want of Senſe.
Some things you may not underſtand, 'tis true;
'Tis more then Oedipus *himſelf can doe.*
None of your Actions can their Cenſure paſs
Your Cravat, Wig, French-dreſs, or Pocket-glaſs,
No not ſo much as Whore——
Do you dreſs well? then rudely they Suppoſe
Your Taylor made your Wit, as well as Cloths.

Have

Have you a well-becoming Wig, They'l Swear
You Bought Your falser Senses in false Hair.
Thus turn your Wit to Scorn, yet think it much
If you their husky Farce, or puffy Bombast touch.
Thus Malecontents wou'd Laws to Rulers give,
But think it Tyranny if they receive.
Let not their railings Loyal Poets blind
That you'r no Fools we by your Patience find
Fools will be Angry, but you still are Kind.
Then in that Old, not this New-fangled way
To you our Author do's his Thanks repay
For your kind meeting on this happy Day
If he Offend he do's your Grace Implore,
And Swears to mend, or Trouble you no more.
Theives for one Crime have often Scap'd the Rope,
Nay Priests, and Plotters are not out of Hope.
Then Spare our Author for a Nobler Fate
He yet deserves your Pity, not your Hate.

Tamerlane

Magnes, *in* Ruſſel-Street, *near* Covent-Garden.

ALL the Tragedies and Comedies of *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher*, in one Volume, containing fifty one Plays.

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Nero, a Tragedie.

Gloriana, a Tragedie.

Sophonisba, or *Hanibals* overthrow.

Alexander the Great, or the Rival Queens.

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Tamerlane

Tamerlane the Great.

ACT I. Scene I.

The Curtain being drawn up discovers the Temple of Mahomet, *in it* Tamerlane, Mandricard, Odmar, Abdalla, *and Priests who sing the following Hymn.*

Pr. SIng we, *Alha, Lord of Fate,*
Father, Ruler of this State,
In whose hand are War and Peace,
Overthrows and Victories
Sing we to thy Pow'r Divine
At whose Nod the Heavens Bow,
To whom Gods Allegiance owe,
Whose just Favour Kings doth Crown,
Monarchs perish at whose Frown,
Sing we at thy Holy Shrine.
Ch. *Accept our Thanks, accept our Praise*
Our solemn Vows, our Eulogies,
The Altars which our Hearts do raise
Accept the humble Sacrifice.
Pr. *To thee,* Alha, *Virgins Sing*
To thee Tune each Tender String,
Carry'd by an Holy Zeal
Of the Pious Matrons tell
To thy Grace Triumphant Youth
To thee glad Old Age doth Kneel,
Nor do Kings, thy Power Conceal.
But all admire, all Confess
'Tis thou Curs'st, thou dost B'ess

To

To thee owe their Riſe, and Growth.
Ch. *Accept our Thanks*, &c.
Pr. *See the Trophies ſee the Spoils*
The glad Harveſt of our Toils
See the Scythian Majeſty
Crown'd with Peace and Victory
To his Scepter Turk *giv'n*;
To him Conquer'd Aſia *bows*
To him th' Earth her Freedom owes.
Fear we now no blow of Fate;
'Tis Juſt Alha *rules our State,*
And our King's the Care of Heav'n.
Ch. *Accepted are our thanks our Praiſe*
Our Solemn Vows our Eulogies
The Altars which our Hearts do raiſe
Accepted is the Sacrifice.

After the Hymn Tamerlane, Mandricard, Odmar, Abdalla, *with Guards, come forward on the Stage, and the Scene changes to the Pallace.*

Tam. After our Sacred Rites to *Alha* paid
'Tis fit we ſhow our ſecond Thanks in Joy
And Triumphs which to Victory are due.
Let *Scythia* now Arrai'd in all the Pride
Of Conquer'd *Aſia* dart her Glory to
The utmoſt *Gades*, and to the utmoſt *Ind.*
Let all her ſleeping Monarchs riſe and ſee,
How far her new-got Liberties Extend.
And as of Old her Vertue has alone
Aſſyrian and *Pellean* Arms withſtood,
Nor dar'd the flying *Parthian* to look back
Upon his Enemy, but by retreat
Sought Life, not Conqueſt. Our Faim'd Anceſtors
Then boaſted how they could a Foe repel,
Far greater's our Renown in Glorious Arms,
Who know to Conquer too, enlarge our ſway,
And Teach the Haughty *Ottoman* to bow.
Man. Needleſs, Great Sir, was that far Boaſted Gift
That

That Law which to your *Tartary* entail'd
The *Turkiſh* Empire, when their Kingly Line
For want of Heirs ſhould ceaſe, you ſcorn'd to wait
The ſlow Event; (or ſhou'd it be) to take
Ev'n Empire at a Gift; but Gazing on
The Golden Prey, you thought it lookt too great
To be ſo cheaply Bought, then Seizing it
With Danger, and the famous Lot of War
Made it your Merits due, and Valours right.

Abd. That Man who threatn'd all the World with ruin
That fierce, that yet unconquer'd *Bajaſet*,
Whoſe dreadful Name ſo oft ſhook *Greece* with Terror
And ſtruck her Princes Dumb with fear, That Man
To whom all *Aſia* Bow'd, has Learnt to Kneel,
To *Tamerlanes* more Mighty Pow'r; Avert
Ye Gods, all Nations Cry, from us the Hand
Of the all-Conquering God-like *Tamerlane*.

Odm. Abdalla, no; the World is pleaſ'd and ſilent,
Amaz'd, and wondring at the ſudden Change,
The happy change of Monarchs, Bleſs their Stars
By whoſe kind influence doubtful Victory
Flew where Deſert, and working Virtue call'd.
While to your Arms all Nations wiſht Succeſs,
To you who ſhou'd Revenge the Injur'd Earth
And for a Tyrant give the World a King.

Tam. Stain not with flatteries the famous Day
But rather let our Victory appear,
By her own Trophies abſolute, and ſure.
Let Blaze through all our Streets the Captive Moon
That Superſtitious Idol of the Field.
In Solemn Proceſs March our Slaves of War
Each *Tartar* to his *Turkiſh* Prey a Guard,
Your Heads with Laurel Crown'd, your Hands with Spoils,
Filling with wel-come Joy the ſhouting Crowd.
For a Juſt Trophie to our own Ambition
Call here the Captive Monarch to our ſight.
I wou'd Survey each Limb of that Great Man,
Try his fierce Temper, ſee what awful Pride
Held in ſuch fear the Subject Nations.

Bajaſet *and* Aſteria *are brought in Bound.*

Baj. Death,
I've view'd thee in a Thouſand, Thouſand Shapes,
When not the fear of all thy Murdring Engines,
E're ſhook my Soul ſo much, as now the thought
Of this Tongue-Combat——give me Patience, *Alha!*
Tam. What Mutters he?
Baj. Infectious be my Breath,
And Blaſt thee ere thy Taunts can vex my Soul,
For I conceive I ſhall be talk'd to Death.
Tam. Think not, O King, we come in Proud Diſdain
To thy fal'n State, or ſcorn thy Ebbing Fortunes,
Or with Vain Glory to Commend our Deeds
Which of themſelves do loudly Praiſe the Doer.
But as thy Conqueror and Prince to claim
A juſt Submiſſion to our Power; Live,
But to our Mercy owe the Life we Give.
Baj. And doſt thou think the Glorious *Bajaſet*
Can ſtoop ſo low? ſpeak, *Alha*, ſay, my Stars
Is't juſt that I who held the fate of Kings
In this Right Hand, and ſcatter'd Death's among
The Tyrants of the World, as faſt as words
Cou'd mingle them; at laſt ſhou'd hold my Life
On any upſtart Power? Firſt ſhall th' Enfeebled Sun
Stoop down, and Borrow from the Earth his Heat,
The Stars from Northern Fires take their Light,
And Gods of Kings ſhall Mortal Bleſſings ask
E're I to thy ſcorn'd favour own a Debt.
Tam. Talk on, fond Slave, and Glut thy ſelf with thinking,
For words and thoughts are all thy Weapons now,
Which yet thy Abject State ſhall prove but Vain
And make thee a much greater ——
Baj. Emperor!
The Brave are alwayes ſo; nor can the Fates
Debaſe an inborn Virtue, Oh that Frown
That Frown ſuits wondrous well the baleful Brow
Of an Exalted, Stern, fate-looking Tyrant!
So ſtretch thy ſelf Ambitious Arrogance,

Stretch

Stretch on the Wheel of Pride thy ſtreightned Nerves
Till thy Cramp'd Limbs yield Muſick to my Ears,
Proud, Vain Uſurper——
Tam. Such was *Ottoman*
He Built his Throne by Virtue, and I mine:
Speak, if thy Pride can give a Vent to Truth
Which is the Nobler Title, fairer Name,
A Crown'd Uſurper, or a Captive King?
Baj. Gods! that I live to hear that vile Reproach!
By *Alla* 'tis too much ——Now cou'd I fly
Like ſome Fierce Lyon ſcap'd the Hunters Hand
(His Strength by Rage Improv'd, Rage by Deſpair)
Againſt my Victor——ha, Inform me Slaves
Who, or from whence was that bold Son of War
Who durſt with me in dreadful Combat Joyn?
That Chief in ſable Arms! for yet I ſee not
His Face in all this Crowd.
Tam. Behold thy Greateſt
Moſt Dreadful Foe, ſee me Heav'ns fatal Scourge
Sent from above to Purge the ſickly Earth
By Blood from Bloody Tyrants.
Baj. No, fond Man,
Miſtake me not; that Conquerour was one
One Nobler far, and fairer to behold
Then any thy throng'd Court do's to my Eyes diſplay.
Tam. Spightful and falſe thy baſe Reproaches are,
Say *Odmar*, ſpeak the Valiant *Mandricard*,
The Mighty nothing of that Strangers Acts.
Man. Not Sir, to Leſſen or Eclipſe your Fame
Do I to that brave Strangers high Deſert
Due Honours pay, not that the Fierce *Abdalla*,
Wiſe *Odmar*, or the Valiant *Aldegar*
Did leſs then God-like acts; yet Sir, to ſpeak
His Worth I Envy, not thoſe Numerous Bands
To Conqueſt by your Royal Conduct led
Equal'd that Heroes Fame, who follow'd by
A Guard of Horſe in Mournful Black Arra'id
O're ran our fainting Enemies; none durſt
Withſtand him but their War-like Emperor,
Whoſe raſhneſs caus'd his Fate, the brave unknown

With force Superior drew him to our Camp,
Threw him into my wide-spread Arms, and Cry'd
Take here a Present from the Man you hate;
Then adds, I ask but this for my Reward
He was a King, be sure you use him so.
Tam. Gods! I shall jealous of my Conquest grow!
Odm. Nor he, nor Heav'n your Glory cou'd obscure!
Since *Mandricard* was sharer in the War:
For by him fell the great *Ortobulus*
The Hopes of *Turky*, and the Prop of Battel!
Him did he Disinherit with his Sword,
And snatch'd his Birth-right World as his Reward.
Man. Curse on thy Tongue! what Frenzy broke thy silence?
[*Aside to* Cd.
Thy Breath has Blasted me, and for a flash
Of Honour, Damn'd me to Eternal Flames.
Tam. My Noble Son———
Baj. 'Tis false, ye spightful Powrs,
Ortobulus (I'le ne're believe it) slain
By that weak Arm, what Millions back'd the Coward?
Tam. Fair Virtue was his Guard, approach me nigh,
Embrace me round; now claim thy just Reward
Ask freely; for the Glory of the Act deserves
VVhat ere thy Swoln Ambition can Demand.
VVhat Will not Conquerors on the Brave bestow?
VVhat sad Disorder moves my *Mandricard*?
VVhat foolish Passion dares disturb my Son?
Man. Who can withstand the vastness of such Hopes?
Tam. Have we not giv'n our Word, and can we Lye?
Man. Far-bee't from me such Blasphemy to think.
Tam. *Odmar*, *Abdalla*, witness to my Vow,
If ought I can deny to him! I Love
Above the World, which he can ask with Honour,
Sudden Destruction seize my Perjur'd Soul.
Faith is the brightest Jewel of a Crown.
Man. Speak my Souls great Ambassador, my Tongue,
Pronounce thy Message loud; a King Commands:
O speak what thou desirest most to speak,
Pard'n Sir, my too rude Carriage,
Tam. Say Noble Youth.

Man.

Man. Low as the Earth two Monarchs I Implore,
Rather two Gods in saving pity great,
As Heav'n may bless your Throne with Victory, [*To* Tam.
As Heav'n may raise you higher by your Fall, [*To* Baj.
I beg this Princess from your Royal hands.

Ast. With all the force a Virgins Tears can press
On any Soul, I here implore my Death
Ten thousand Deaths e're yield my Innocence
To be polluted by his loath'd Embraces.

Baj. Curse him, *Asteria*, curse the fatal Source
Of thine, of mine, of the Worlds wretched State,
Upon a Fathers blessing curse the Race
Of Perjur'd *Tamerlane*, there's poyson in it
And rank Infection, and consuming Plagues.

Man. Is she not Fair, my Lord!
Is she not Innocent as Babes new Born?

Tam. Mean Soul, degenerate Boy, I charge thee cease,
Canst thou behold this haughty slave in Chains
Outdare our Pow'r, and scorn our offer'd favours,
Nay Curse thee to thy Face, and hold thee worthless
The gift thou ask'st? deny thee with Contempt?
And thou yet stoop to him, kneel, pray to him?
Wipe off, rash boy, thy growing Glories stain
Or quit the Name of Son———

Man. How all things to my ruin do concur?
Father, and Daughter, Emperor all are joyn'd
To make me wretched, O the killing Flames,
Of a despairing passion, oh my heart!

Baj. My Miseries have giv'n me leave to smile
To see thee Traytor find an Hell on Earth.

Man. Approach my Fair.

Ast. Oh I am ruin'd, stain'd,
With hands scarce cool from my dear Brothers blood
He catches at the Sister for reward
And Im'e become a partner in the Murder.

Baj. Oh the bold Ravisher, that he shou'd dare
To touch her———purge then Villain with thy blood
Her sully'd beauties, Dye. [*Snatching a Sword from the Guards.*

Tam. Disarm the Traytor,
Presumptuous Fool, this Act has forfeited

The

The Life we gave.

Baj. Have I driv'n Troops before me
And am I thus held in by a crowd of Slaves?
Vile, fearful Mice to pluck the briſtled Main
Of a bound Lyon, riſe, my Paſſion, riſe
Swell every Vein up to an Artery.
Return the famous Lightning of my Eyes,
Work, Oh my Heart, my Soul, in my revenge,
For I am kill'd, choak'd with diſdain and fury.

Tam. He Raves and we loſe time to hear him, haſt,
Take, force him from my ſight.

Baj. Do not think me King,
One that has nothing but a Life to loſe;
Death! 'tis the common Scourge of coward minds,
A Goblin hatch'd to fright baſe vulgar Spirits.
Life I contemn; nor wou'd I ſtoop ſo low
Beneath my Majeſty to take it up,
Though with my Empire it might be redeem'd,
Since he muſt grant it whom I ſcorn and hate.
A Grace from *Tamerlane* wou'd load with ſhame
My inward memory far more then all
My rifled Crowns, or the baſe name of Slave.
Now, Tyrant, to thy laſt deſtruction hear
What *Alla* moving in my breaſt Commands
Me ſpeak, thy Glory, *Tartar*, is ſhort liv'd,
There are a Royal Race of *Ottomans*,
(See thy Guards tremble at their very Name)
And ſo muſt thou, I ſee thy Glory ſink
And Heav'n in Arms againſt thy Perjur'd Soul

Tam. A way to Death to ſpeedy Torture with him
His boaſted courage this laſt Act ſhall fry'e.

Baj. Yes, I will make a Tryal of my Heart
I'le bear my wrongs with ſuch a noble Courage
So far Tranſcending mean *Tartarian* ſpirits
That thou ſhalt burſt with envy to my Fate. [*Is led off.*

Man. Thus doth the Naked Beggar gazing ſtand
On great Mens wealth and ſtarves, O curſed ſpight,
That I muſt periſh all my Joyes in ſight. [*Exit.*

A Wood.

Arſanes, Axalla.

Arſ. Urge me no more, my Lord, my fate is ſeal'd,
And Heav'ns fixt will ſtands uncontroul'd by chance,
Now to return (by Heav'n I never will)
Were as to ſeek a ſecond Baniſhment,
Or Death the leſſer evil for returning.
Ax. Yet Sir the King——
Arſ. Is moſt unjuſt and cruel
Lead by the voice of every fawning Traytor,
And gives all power to him that Flatters moſt.
My Brother! Yes, by all that's good it was
That fatal Brother, that ambitious Boy,
With the deep plotting *Odmar* wrought my ruine,
And built their greatneſs on my ill-tim'd Vertue,
While I——
Ax. While you here in inglorious ſorrow
Quit your juſt Title to your Fathers Throne.
Arſ. A Throne *Axalla*, can it yet be news
My Father owns no Son but *Mandricard*?
He ſhares his Crowns of Lawrel and of Gold,
And all the ſhining Scepters of each Clime,
Where if a friend but chance to name *Arſanes*,
Or fetch an inward ſigh for his misfortunes,
A pointed frown marks the kind Spirit dead,
And choaks with mournful groans his pious wiſhes.
Oh my *Nerina*! ——
Ax. That fever ſtill, my Lord?
Arſ. It like the Liver of the Earth-born Monſter
O'reſpread nine Furlongs of the burning Lake
Feeds on the fiery Diet of fond hope,
To be renew'd a prey to black deſpair.
Ax. Yet Sir ſhe may be found
Arſ. She may! O trifler, may!
May be is quite impoſſible to Love;
She muſt——ye Gods, appoint the happy time,
Like that when ſofteſt Hours in *Greece* I drew

Then

Then when the Hoſpitable Emperor
Saluted us as Princes, treated us
At no leſs rate though both by Law enſlav'd,
An exile I, and ſhe a Pyrates prey.
Long in that ſtate we liv'd in Bliſs and Love,
I *Axalla*, ſhe *Nerina* call'd.
But Oh, my Friend, that Golden Age is paſt!
Ax. Ah, my dear Lord ———
Arſ. Speak, Friend ———
Ax. If any charm
Of ſpecious truth your paſſion can o're ſway
And raiſe belief in your diſtracted Breaſt,
The ſight of her ———
Arſ. Do not Delude me thus.
Ax. No falſe Deluſion, or diverting Fable
Can here reſide, take, take the naked truth,
Axalla in her rifled Tent beheld,
Gaz'd on, and knew the fair *Nerina's* charms.
Arſ. But did you ſee her like *Nerina?* bright
As the firſt Sun when on the Eaſtern Shore
He Riſes freſh, and Decks the Infant Day.
Did you behold among the Beauteous Crowd
One by all envy'd, and by all admir'd?
A Triple Goddeſs, Fair, Majeſtick, Wiſe?
Ax. Shee's all, my Lord, that ev'n your Love can ſpeak her;
And though all baſh'd and ſhrouded o're with Tears
Yet cou'd not ev'n thoſe thickning Clouds of ſorrow
Obſcure the ſhining luſtre of her Eyes.
Arſ. Methinks, my Friend, I ſee thoſe Pearly drops
When taking on my Breaſt her laſt farewell,
She caſt her Ivory Arms about my Neck,
And cry'd, my Love; Oh ſhou'd we meet again,
Nor ſpoke ſhe this with the leaſt ſign of Bliſs,
For with a Smile ſhe promis'd it a truth.
Ax. As great and faithful as the *Sybills* Voice,
And can you then, my Lord, leave all thoſe Joyes
For want of ſeeking them? Think, think, *Arſanes*,
When this hot Fever has dry'd up to Aſhes
Your flaming Heart, and Parcht your vital Spirits,
Then you will cry (but oh 'twill be too late)

What mass of Golden Treasure have I lost?
Then curse your self for your unkind distrust,
Your little Faith to your *Axalla's* Counsels,
That ruin'd the unfortunate *Arsanes.*
But let's behold, the faithful *Danches* comes [*Enter* Danches.
From your Great Fathers Court, his joyful look
Denotes some glad Discovery —— The News?

Zan. Great Prince! what still may please, and make you happy,
I went to *Samarcanda*; but I pass'd,
Me thought, through Streets block'd up with moving Castles,
So thick, so numberless the People stood:
While they with Voices undistinguish'd fill'd
The Air, that Ecchо'd nothing but the Stranger,
The Stranger is the business of the Court:
The Sweet Discourse of every Ladies Mouth
Is, what the Stranger did; to you they owe
Their Trophies and their Fame.

Ars. And is the Court so monstrously infectious,
That scarce an hour gone thou'st learnt to flatter?
Speak, speak thy Errand, what of the fair *Nerina?*

Zan. Great Sir! the Lady which your Friend discover'd
Is Daughter to th' impetuous *Bajaset,*
The tender sharer of her Fathers Fate.

Ars. Ha! Withers not my Hand, start not my Eyes
From their curs'd Orbs?
Am I not all an Ague? So loud a Clap
Of sudden Thunder, and yet live? Ye Gods!
Have I to ruine her my Sword employ'd,
My greatest Strength her Country to destroy?
Was it her Father too whose Fate I sought?
Then on my self, my more than hellish act
I thus Revenge. [*Draws his Dagger, which* Axalla *wrests from him.*

Ax. Dear Sir.

Ars. 'Twas friendly done:
For I confess a death so quiet, and
So short, had been a Balm to ease my Heart,
Rather than punishment to expiate
My great offence; to die? perhaps the News
Might satisfie some Relicks of the War,
That their great Enemy is dead —— What then?

What had I done for *Bajaſet*? what for
His ruin'd Houſe, his flaming Pallace? what
In lieu of all his pillag'd Scepters, Crowns?
What for *Nerina*'s wrongs, whoſe every Tear
Deſerves a Life? No, no, *Axalla*, that
Which can but once be done, let it be long
In doing.

Zan. Dear, my Lord, divert thoſe thoughts
And go where Piety and Honour call.
The Royal Slave not brooking his diſgrace,
And yielding not himſelf to *Tamerlane*,
Is moſt unfaithfully condemn'd to Die.

Arſ. To Die? Shall then *Nerina*'s Father Die?
Baſely and poorly be a prey to Fate?
And leave his weeping Daughter all alone,
Midſt a rude Multitude of Savage Men?

Ax. *Arſanes* cannot think a thought like that.

Arſ. No, my *Axalla*, haſt we from this place
With all the ſwiftneſs of a Love in fear,
That he ſhall come too late, and loſe the Prize,
The Beauteous Prize, for which all that have Souls
Muſt needs be Rivals; Guide me, O my Stars,
Shorten my Journey to my Paradiſe.
By all my hopes *Nerina*'s Father lives;
Then ſnatching to my ſelf the Glorious Prize,
I'le reap the Fruit of all my Victories. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. Scene I.

Bajaſet *is diſcover'd on a Scaffold, an Executioner with an Axe, and others with Hallbirds, Swords,* &c.

Enter Tamerlane, Mandricard, Odmar, Abdalla. *The Executioner being about to ſtrike; Enter in haſt* Arſanes, *and* Axalla.

Arſ. HOld, ſtay thy bloody hand, I charge thee ſtrike not.
Tam. What bold Invader dares thus countermand me?
Speak, ſay, what art?
Arſ. Lay down, O mighty Prince!
A little of thy Thunder, and I'le ſpeak.
O thou to whoſe high care Heav'n doth intruſt
The Rule of Nations, Monarch of the Earth,
So may you Laurels bear from either Pole,
As you to them ſhall peaceful Olives joyn,
And in your Conqueſts God-like Mercy ſhew.
Tam. The Accent of that Voice I ſure have known;
Nor am I unacquainted with that Face:
All day I could with patience hear thy Story.
Arſ. Not to recount the Changes of my Life,
Which but for one, one only happy Fate
Does not deſerve a Name; yet, Sir, I'le tell you,
There's Glory in that Fate, and to have done
You Loyal Service, is a Noble Bliſs.
Tam. By all my Lawrels the Triumphant Stranger!
O Prince! for I conſider thee no leſs;
What ſhall I, what Reward can I repay
To thy great Vertue?
Arſ. Not a Thirſt of Wealth,
Or Sacred Famine of Reward, or yet
A vain Ambition to commend my Deeds,
Made me preſume to meet your Royal Eyes.
But ſince, Great Sir, you do eſteem my Acts
Worthy a price, O hear the Prayers I make;

By *Alha*, by the Soul of *Mahomet*,
By the ne'r-cancell'd Bond of your ſtrict Vow
In Heav'ns bright Eye, I do conjure thee ſpare
The Royal Captives Life.

Tam. Thou cou'd'ſt not ask
A thing but this, we cou'd not grant.

Arſ. O Heav'n!
If with a Princes Life you needs muſt Seal
The Glory of your Conqueſt, rip theſe Veins,
And draw what Blood is left in expiation
For his dear Life —— Oh hold me not in doubt.

Tam. Did I but think I did the Slave a favour,
Spight of my Vow by Heav'n he ſhou'd not live;
But as 'tis that he fears far worſe than Death,
I by one Act will wiſely ſatisfie [*Aſide.*
This Strangers hopes, and glut my own Revenge,
Yes he ſhall live; remove the Fatal Pomp,
And lead him to our Palace; but know, Slave,
'Tis to this generous Prince thou ow'ſt thy Life.

Baj. For me his Pray'rs; ye Stars ſhed ruine on him,
Beg in my Cauſe? Precacious Fool, be ſilent. [*To* Arſ.
Ha! Villain! why's my Fate ſo long delay'd, [*To the Exec.*
Is the Axe not ſharp enough? or am I held
Here to be gaz'd at for a Mark, a Shew,
A Property to pleaſe the Idle Vulgar?
Strike Villain, or I'le ſpurn thee into Aſhes.
Ha, ha ha, ha, O I could burſt with laughter,
To ſee theſe Apes, theſe miſtaken Fools,
Who think they have been generous and kind,
While they are dully cruel; Tyrant, bluſh,
And know, wer't thou my Slave, thus would I glut
My ſelf with vengeance on thee, ſo farewell,
And ſome Plague ſeize thee e're we meet again. [*Is led off.*

Tam. Thus to your Prayers we ſacrifice our Juſtice,
And to your mighty Merits our Revenge. [*To* Arſan.

Arſ. Thus at your Royal Feet I caſt my ſelf,
And may thoſe Pow'rs that rais'd and guard your Throne
Reward you for this greateſt higheſt favour,
For which I vow you everlaſting Service.

Man. Hail, O great Soul of War, matchleſs in Might!

Oelm.

Odm. Fair Guardian Angel of the *Scythian* Throne.
Abd. Deſire of Nations, Bulwark of this State.
Arſ. Your Vaſſal, Princes, knows not to bear
Theſe loads of Praiſe, unable to repay
Your noble kindneſs ev'n in Thanks.
Man. So may
You always knit freſh Lawrels to your Brow,
As we to you our *Turkiſh* Conqueſts owe.
Tam. 'Tis true, I as a Warrior muſt adore
Thee in thy Vertues, thy Succeſs admire,
Thy Actions love, reward thy Loyalty.
But ſomething nearer calls thee to my Breaſt,
Stamps thy dear Image on my Soul, and tells me,
There is a mightier reaſon for my love
Than any I have yet alledged. O Nature,
My Eyes, my Heart, both challenge thee, my Son!
Arſ. Father, if I may dare to uſe that Name, [*Pulling off his diſguiſe.*
Behold your wretched Son, your Darling once;
Now leſs than Stranger to you, baniſh'd, ſpoil'd
Of all my Honours, Father, Country, Name,
By their vile Arts, who with falſe Counſels arm'd
Againſt my Innocence your mildeſt Nature.
Here could I wiſh I were for ever fix'd,
Here breath my laſt, and leave my flying Soul.
Tam. Ye Powrs, my Son, the wrong'd *Arſaines* here!
Heav'n knows with what regret I rob my Throne of
So great a Pillar, my Kingdom of ſo good
A Prince; Heaven knows how I have mourn'd thy abſence,
And curs'd my fond belief to buſy Flatterers.
Credit me, Prince, I always thought thee injur'd.
Odm. O damn'd, deceitful, ſpightful Queen of Chance.
Man. Hell, that I as a Baſilisk cou'd dart
Poiſon from my Eyes, and blot his growing Greatneſs. [*Aſide.*
Tam. O *Mandricard!* my other Bleſſing, ſhare
This maſs of Joy that fills my heaving Breaſt.
Man. And can the Stranger prove ſo near a Friend?
A Brother? Oh that Name! Now by my Arms,
If ever hate were grounded in my Breaſt,
You Valiant Deeds have diſpoſſeſs'd it all.
Such Vertue ne'r can find an Enemy: [*Imbraces coolly.*

Now

Now all the ſubtileſt Plagues of Hell prevent thee. [*Aſide.*

Arſ. O happy day! the whiteſt of my Life.

Tam. All who are preſent at this Solemn Meeting,
Behold your Prince, your wiſh'd for Prince *Arſames*;
In whoſe juſt Cauſe you have ſo often mutini'd,
And ev'n aſſail'd our Throne for his revenge.
Receive, take, ſhare with me his Royal Heart,
And with loud ſhouts of Joy accompany
Us to our Palace: Thus from their ſad Urn
Thy Phœnix Vertues to new Glories burn. [*Exeunt.*

Odmar manet ſolus.

Odm. Furies and Death, and all the Family
Of dark Infernal Pow'rs, can you ſee,
So tamely ſee me your Chief Inſtrument
Sworn to your Counſels, ſo loſt, ſo ſucceſsleſs?
For this?
Have I trod in all Paths that Hell-ward led?
Has Envy loſt her Snakes, and Fraud forgot
Her Art? Is Malice ſatisfi'd ſo ſoon
To glare, and ſnarl, and not deſtroy? for this
Have Guilty Thoughts diſturb'd my Nights, and Blood
Started my Soul in Fancies, broke my Sleeps.
Bled the Kings Son committed to my charge,
An Infant to no purpoſe; is it nothing
That my *Themyre* ſupplies his Place, and Name?
But doth *Arſanes* ſtill prevent us? Nay,
He's grown much higher by his fall; our Plots
To tread him down to Earth have mounted him
Above the Clouds. This muſt not on, again
Brain whet thy ſweet Invention, while he climbs,
That he may fall, and ſet the World in Flames. [*Exit.*

Aſteria's *Apartment.*

Aſteria, Zayda.

Aſt. Give, give my Paſſion vent, or I ſhall burſt;
Yes, yes, ye Pow'rs 'twas he, 'twas *Adanaxus*

That

That ruin'd me, my Father, Country, all.
'Tis the ſame charming Tongue moves *Tamerlane*,
That caught *Nerina*'s Heart, juſt ſo he wept,
And knelt, and pray'd for Mercy at my Feet
For his own Life; as for my Father's, now
'Tis the ſame Rival of *Andronicus*,
The ſame Triumpher o're the *Græcian* Slaves,
Turkey deſtroy'd. I and this faithleſs Man,
Crown'd with the Pleaſures of a Smiling Field,
While we each others Story did relate
So tenderly, and with ſo much concern,
Promiſcuouſly we gave our Hearts away,
Born on the Wings of interchang'd Diſcourſe.
Then firſt we ſigh'd and ſmil'd, and ſmil'd and ſigh'd,
And look'd, and wonder'd, and diſcours'd again,
While the young God ſtood laughing on the Plain,
And wonder'd at our Sympathy of Souls.
Wou'd you believe it? This ſame Under-Lover,
This very *Adanaxus*, from the World,
From all Mankind, was choſe to work my ruine.

Zay. Has he not ſav'd your Captive Fathers Life?

Aſt. Did he not make him ſo? O trifling Comfort!
How now, what Air, what Heav'n is this, what Sky,
What Country? whither am I led? alaſs,
What am I now become? Still, ſtill my Eyes
Behold thoſe various Images of Death,
And Fatal Ruine they in *Prutia* ſaw.
All pale, and ſhiv'ring there my Mother lies,
And there my Royal Brother bleeding groans;
All this and more this dear, this trayt'rous Man,
This ſmiling falſe Deceiver has perform'd.

To them Arſanes, Axalla.

Ax. See there, my Lord, and think on what your Friend
Advis'd you to.

Arſ. I ſee my Heav'n near,
Am raviſh'd with the ſight, wiſh, and admire,
Court and hope, yet dare not enter in
With ſuch a clog of guilt incumber'd round,

I tremble at the Preſence of my Judge.

Ax. If Conqueſt were a Crime it was the Gods,
Not yours; nor can ſhe blame your hidden fate;
How full of Fears is Love?

Aſt. Bleſs me my Stars,
Oh I'm betray'd, look, *Zayda*, ſee that Man,
Oh let us ſhun that ſwearing, perjur'd Man,
And never let me truſt my Heart again.

Arſ. Madam ——

Aſt. What means this rude Aſſauſt?

Arſ. Thus low I fall
To Beauties and to Mercies Shrine, while from
Their Oracle I learn my Life or Death,
Preſent Deſpair or Happineſs.

Aſt. Expound
Theſe Riddles, Heav'n!

Arſ. Ha! am I grown ſo ſtrange
So alter'd, neither known, nor underſtood?
Or rather are you ſo forgetful grown?
If ſo, let theſe recall your Memory, [*A Bracelet.*
The Tender Labour of your buſie Love.
This witneſs of your Vows.

Aſt. What ſhall I ſay, or do?
Ungrateful Man! —— but let me not recall
My Grief with Words, and ſtab my bleeding Wounds.
The Gods revenge my Injuries —— [*Is going out.*

Arſ. Oh hear
Your Guilty Penitent his Crime confeſs.

Aſt. Some weak Evaſion, or deluding Fable;
Oh what excuſe, or wile, can you invent,
In recompence of all my Sufferings?

Arſ. Her every word a bleeding Heart-ſtring cuts,
Her every Tear a Vein; your Sufferings?
Oh caſt on me the burden of 'em all;
For I can bear for my *Nerina*'s quiet
The Pains of Hell, with Heav'nly delight.

Aſt. Ill ſhall I truſt ſo known an Enemy.

Arſ. An Enemy! what Horrors ſeize my Soul?
Oh clear, clear me of that wretched Name.
Who could have thought the Ridling Fates had meant

I ſhou'd

I ſhou'd have ſin'd in bringing help to him:
Who gave me birth?

Aſt. 'Tis plain you have betray'd,
For empty Duty have betray'd your Love.
What Name could make *Nerina* to forget
Her *Adanaxus* thus ——— ? ah cruel Man!

Arſ. Forget you? had I drunk dull *Lethe* dry,
Its Waters had on me wrought ſmall effect.
Nerina always was, is preſent here,
My Mind, my Soul is nothing but *Nerina.*
This very impious Act was for *Nerina,*
When loſing her, I fought in dreadful Battle
My long wiſh'd End.

Aſt. Excuſes are but vain;
For by your Actions I your kindneſs weigh.
Captivity, and ſhameful Bands are all
The mighty Gifts of your proteſted Vows.
Have I not heard you ſay? yes, I have heard,
To me the Tribute of the World was due,
How fit I was to be a Queen, how well
A Diadem wou'd with my Beauty Suit.

Arſ. Oh my *Nerina,* if I then muſt ſtand
Guilty of all the malice of the Stars,
And what great Heav'n decreed, if it be nothing
That by my Pray'rs your Royal Father lives:
Yet ſure I've lov'd, and for your love deſpis'd
All dangers, oppos'd Princes in your Cauſe;
Witneſs the Fury of *Andronicus*;
Nerina may remember too ſome Months
Impriſonment, harſh Chains, and hardeſt uſage.

Aſt. How quickly paſſes a Womans Rage that loves! [*Aſide.*
Now could I lay on Fortune all his Crimes,
Oh *Adanaxus* —— but I have been wrong'd. [*Turning from him.*

Arſ. Then Heav'n o'retake me with thy ſwifteſt Juſtice;
While from your Mouth I here beg leave to die.

Aſt. Oh how I melt to Tenderneſs and Love!
I cannot now diſſemble with my Heart,
Nor curb my Paſſion with a ſeeming Fierceneſs.
Ah, my dear Lord ———

Arſ. Pronounce the Fatal Sentence.

Aſt. While your *Nerina* lives you muſt not die,
Your Life is link'd with hers.
Arſ. And can I hope
For Abſolution?
Aſt. If you've any Faith,
See, ſee it Seal'd, while I due Thanks repay
To Heav'n, which has reſtor'd my deareſt Lord;
By this one Gift my Stars have recompenc'd me,
For Mother, Brother, Father, Country, all.
Arſ. Such words as theſe mix'd with that Grace of Speech,
Wou'd charm the praying Hermite from his Cell,
And draw the rigid Cynick's Heart to Love.
Aſt. But ſee, we are obſerv'd — [Mandricard *paſſes over the Stage.*
Arſ. 'Tis *Mandricard*,
That Raven bodes ill Fate.
Man. Ha! what ſo cloſe
Billing? believe me Brother, 'tis too much.
Aſt. Did not you mark his black diſorder'd Looks?
Between his gnaſhing Teeth what ſilent Curſes
He mutter'd forth, and threatned us with Frowns?
Arſ. Though he were arm'd with Lightning we'd not fear.
Aſt. Again then we muſt part ———
Arſ. So willingly?
Aſt. Part now to meet again with greater Joys,
More Raviſhing Delights; mean while we'l live
On hope.
Arſ. And nouriſh Nature with the Thoughts
Of Joys to come; now drive thy Chariot, Time,
Incumbent on the Wings of all the Winds;
Nor ceaſe thy flying Pages to maintain,
While I and my *Nerina* meet again [*Exeunt.*

A Garden belonging to the Palace.

Mandricard *alone.*

Man. Dull, Coward Heart, weak Fleſh, and what is worſe,
A Mind ambitious, yet without revenge.
Riſe, *Mandricard*, let not thy Glory ſink
In vain Complaints, and feeble Murmurings.

By

By this I ſhou'd have fill'd the World with Ruine,
And on its Fall my early Glory built:
By all my Fury I cou'd laugh to feel
The ruin'd Palace cruſh my burthen'd Limbs,
So that *Arſanes* might partake my Fate.

To him Odmar, Abdalla.

Odm. A happy Morning to my Gracious Lord!
Man. Gods, that I live to ſee this hateful day!
No Serpent wing'd, or Dragon-breathing-flame
Cou'd raiſe my Soul to this unbounded rage,
As doth *Arſanes* Preſence; O ye Furies
Prepare ſome ſudden deadly Peſt to blaſt him.
Odm. He's fir'd, and now to blow him into Flames ——
Buſie, my Lord, and full of rowling thoughts?
Man. Doſt thou not ſee Revenge hang on my Brow?
Odm. Divide the heavy burthen of your Breaſt,
And witneſs for me, Hell, there's not a Path
That leads to your Ambition, vaſt deſires,
Your *Odmar* dares not tread to make you happy,
Though with the fatal hazard of his Life.
Abd. Speak but the word, and I'm a true born Son
Of *Scythian* breed, can ſtrangle, poiſon, kill,
When e're your Intereſt ſhall arm my Fury.
Man. Now theſe are Men according to my wiſh, [*Aſide.*
Firſt ſwear to keep the Secret ——
Both. Shou'd it be
To blaſpheme *Mahomet*, we ſwear.
Man. Why ſticks
My Tongue to ſpeak the happy Deed my Mind
Long ſince has acted? were you bred in Blood,
And nurs'd with Milk of Tygers, have you each
Murder'd your Thouſands?
Abd. All my Life has been
But a continual practice how to kill
Moſt ſilent, and moſt ſure,
Odm. I from my Youth
Have converſant in Plots and Treaſons been,
And artfully have ſtudy'd by the fall

Of Men above me, how to raiſe my ſelf
To higheſt Place, and Power.
Man. Inſtruments
As fit as Hell cou d make, for my Deſign.
How long ſhall I, like ſome vile Shrub beneath
A ſpreading Oak, ſtand overſhadow'd by
Arſanes mighty Pow'r?
Abd. Does it hit there? this Steel
Has entred Braſs, and cut through Coats of Mail,
And will ſerve ſtill to lop or branch or ſo
From that tall Oak.
Odm. We'l take it by the Roots.
Man. His Heart.
Odm. And drink his Blood.
Abd. And eat the Corſe.
Man. Like *Tartars* ſpoke; the Means?
Abd. By force of Arms.
Odm. By Stratagem, Fate-working Stratagem.
Then firſt the Captive Princeſs to deceive
Muſt be our care, that ſhe in ſpight of all
The tenderneſs ſhe to *Arſanes* bears,
Be brought into your Arms a Glorious Prey.
Man. That ſerves but for one half of my revenge,
That for my Love, but what for my Ambition?
Odm. You have no ſooner thought, but I have acted;
Lyes are the ſteps by which black Treaſon climbs
Confederacy with *Turkey*, dark Deſigns
With *Bajaſet*, and contracts with the Princeſs.
This Head, that Hand can fail in no Attempt.
Abd. Where you the Platform lay, I ſwear to build.
Man. My Noble Lords, now you are Friends indeed,
I envy not *Arſanes* now with all
His crowd of ſupple Flatterers, that cringe
And buz about his new-reviving Greatneſs;
Let them ſpeak Friendſhip which you act, and now
To our great Charges ſilent as the night,
And huſh'd as our Deſigns, we go; Farewell. [*Exeunt* Odm. Abd.
'Tis ſure, theſe Men with Trayterous Deſigns
To the deſtructive part may much avail.
But on what Ground to build my happy Love,

And

And how to gain the Fair *Aſteria's* Heart,
Inſtruct me, *Alha*; O Prince, 'tis enough,
Enough thou ſee'ſt to gain her mortal hate,
That by thy curſed Hand her Brother fell;
What will ſhe ſay? —— but oh what canſt thou ſay
In thy excuſe? when by thy Helliſh Arts
She hears *Arſanes* baſely, poorly Murder'd?
Yet, *Mandricard*, cheer up thy drooping Spirits,
She loves the Man that ſought her Fathers ruine,
By Heav'n her Brothers Murd'rers leſs in fault.
'Tis fix'd; and on that hope I build my Bliſs.

To him Iſpatia.

Iſp. I wou'd not harbour ſuch a jealous thought
Within my Breaſt; can *Mandricard* prove falſe
To his *Iſpatia*, O unequal Gods!
Prevent this miſchief; what diſaſt'rous chance
Has ſummon'd me to this unhappy place
With Eyes and Ears, to ſee and hear his falſhood,
To which my Soul cou'd never credit give?
But yet I'le ſmother it, and try if words,
With all the force of Tears, may turn his mind.
Health to my Noble Lord, Great *Mandricard*,
How fares your Highneſs?
Man. Well, *Iſpatia*, well,
The better that I hear thee ask me ſo;
But I am buſie now, leave me, *Iſpatia.*
Iſp. My Lord!
Man. I pr'ithee leave me,
We ſhall have idle hours enough for Love.
Iſp. How, my dear Lord? I little did expect
To meet you thus on this Triumphant Day.
Man. Blame then the Fates, not me.
Iſp. Doth any Wound
Diſturb your Reſt, my Lord? If ſo, behold
Your weak Phyſitian, do not ſcorn my help.
Man. Thanks to your care, your *Mandricard* is whole.
Iſp. My Care? O trifling word —— He ſhou'd have caſt
Away that cool Endearment on the Crowd

That fawn'd, and welcom'd him at his return.
Are all my longing Wishes come to this?
And is it, is it thus, I must receive you,
Is this the Fruit of all my early Moans,
And Midnight-sighs, when shall I hope for Rest
If I must now despair?
Man. The Curses of
A Wife are most unsufferable, now cou'd I ———
Isp. Are not my broken Slumbers worth a Look?
Not one kind word for all my long Complaints?
One Smile wou'd be as much as I dare claim,
Though I cou'd wish for Millions.
Man. Give me leave
I prithee to repose my self a while;
'Twill add a fresh, and stronger Life to Love.
Heav'ns! is she senseless?
Isp. And can *Mandricard*
Think me unwilling to partake his Grief
That I have always done; and when I heard
Of any Princes Fate, half dead with fear,
I listen'd with impatience for the Truth
Of all the Story of my Life or Death,
Lest *Mandricard* shou'd prove that hapless Prince.
But still those fears did joyfully deceive
My Heart, reviving with the welcome News,
The dear, dear hopes of seeing you again,
So Great, so Glorious!
Man. Oh that my inward Pray'rs
Cou'd move with pity some relenting Pow'r
To raise a Mountain, or a Sea betwixt us;
And snatch me from the Daggers of her Tongue.
Isp. Believe me, Prince, you over-load my Soul
With Thoughts of what shou'd move such discontent,
Knowing the innocency of my Breast.
Man. You'r not in fault, *Ispatia*, give me leave
To think on those who are.
Isp. If to be freed
From your *Ispatia*'s company be Rest,
Then I'le not rob you of those pleasing Minutes;
Though I could willingly for Ages gaze

O're

O're all that Field of awful Majeſty,
And wonder how it ever open lay
To entertain ſo poor, ſo mean a Love.
I go, my Lord, and leave you to your Reſt;
For which I would all Joy, all Bliſs reſign,
Your Reſt which me delights, for it is mine. [*Exit.*

Man. So, is ſhe gone at laſt, then farewell Wife,
And welcome Love, thou higheſt Bliſs of Life.
While through my Rivals Heart I cut my way,
And with a Miſtreſs my paſt dangers pay.
And this fond Wretch ſhall the ſweet War begin,
Arſanes ſhall conclude the Bloody Scene,
I'le, while they groan in death, enjoy my Queen.

ACT III.

Iſpatia *ſola,*

Iſp. HE's gone, he's fled like Water ſhrunk away,
The more I ſtrove to hold him faſt; Curſt Fate!
When every Matron ſprightfully with freſh Joys,
And every Virgin full of harmleſs mirth,
Share the glad Paſtimes of this happy day;
Happy to all but me, whom one wou'd think
Its Triumphs moſt concern'd, ſince *Maudricard*
Bears all its mighty weight of crowding Honours,
The haughty Conqueror *Tartary* adores.
Yet after all his far-blown Victories,
I bluſh to ſay this Great, this Glorious Man
Is vanquiſh'd, vanquiſh'd even by his Slave,
And wears the Fetters of a Captive Maid.
But ſure I have miſconſtrued all he ſaid;
He did but try me, my Eyes dazeled
When I beheld his Geſtures, when I thought
I ſee him frown, I'le not believe my Thoughts,
Poor Womens Thoughts are wandring Jealouſies;

We

We fancy, dream, and real things ſuppoſe.
Yet go thou ſilent trial of my Fate, [*The Letter.*
Her Characters I've here exactly drawn,
And every Letter ſubtilly have copy'd,
Which might I think deceive *Arſanes* ſelf,
Which he might ſee, and not perceive the Cheat.
But oh why do I thus delay my Wiſhes!
Within there, *Hamzeh*, truſty Slave, appear. [*Enter* Hamzeh.
Ham. Moſt Honour'd Princeſs, what's your great Command?
Iſp. Provide this Letter carefully be ſent,
As from *Aſteria*, to your Royal Lord,
Be gone; and wing to *Mandricard* your way,
Each minute ſeems an hour, each hour a day. [*Exeunt.*

The Palace.

Enter Tamerlane, Odmar, Abdalla.

Tam. Make me believe as ſoon the Stars are falſe.
Abd. Yet, Sir, with any but a Fathers Eyes
Black diſcontent is ſeen to hover o're
His darken'd Brow, his wild unſtable Looks
May render him ſuſpitious.
Tam. Waſh thy Mouth
Thou foul Fomenter of ſuggeſted Lies,
And politick Deceit, think not you, Slaves,
We'r ignorant from whom this Meſſage comes.
Abd. See what your Plotting comes to. [*To* Odmar *aſide.*
Odm. Dreaded Prince!
This Tongue was never known to fill your Ears
With painted fraud, and poiſonous deceit,
My Counſels hitherto ev'n you have thought
Loyal and wiſe, and grave as *Cicero's*,
And have preſerv'd your Happineſs as much
As his did *Romes* —— yet, Sir, your Slave
Confeſſes all his Projects had been vain,
Had not your Vertue perfected thoſe Actions,
Of which we but the bare Idea ſhew'd.
Abd. What's all this to *Arſanes*? [*Aſide.*
Tam. Speak thy Thoughts,

And

And do not flatter, nor thy ſelf, nor me,
Thy Words fly wide from all thy former Senſe;
Thou nam'dſt *Arſanes*, tedious Slave, proceed.
Odm. Now witneſs for me all ye Pow'rs Divine,
And thou that know'ſt the Secrets of my Heart,
Puniſh me ſtrangely, *Alha*; if I ſpeak
Ought that I fear'd to ſpeak before the Altar,
Or ſwear it on the Alcoran for truth.
Abd. He's at his Pray'rs now, ſure his Conſcience bites him,
Heav'n, he'l confeſs, we're ruin'd.
Tam. Odmar, riſe,
Give me but patience, Gods, to hear him out.
Odm. Though loath, I muſt unfold the burning Secret,
Both for my Conſcience, and my Country's ſake;
The proud *Arſanes*, jealous of the Love
You ſhow deſervedly to *Mandricard*,
Bears mighty Projects in his lab'ring Brain,
Envy, Revenge, with all that nat'ral hate
He ows his Brother, ſtir him up againſt
The Laws of Man, and Nature; his Ambition
Flies Sir no lower a pitch, than at your Crown.
Abd. Ha! I begin to find him, he talks Senſe!
Tam. Now, Villain, give me Proof, ſubſtantial Reaſon,
For what the poiſon of thy Gall has vented,
Or elſe by Heav'n thou dy'ſt.
Abd. Ha! goes it ſo;
Villain, and Death! Plague of your Stratagems.
Odm. Scars will remain after their Wounds are whole;
The higheſt Palaces ſtand moſt to view,
And are moſt look'd at, when their Luſtre fades.
Arſanes cannot brook his late diſgrace,
And thou forgiven, bluſhes with diſdain
That he was baniſh'd; ſcarce an hour ago
The Valiant *Mandricard* in Pious Suit
Sought Reconcilement with his raging Brother.
Abd. This does not ſound like truth, it has no face
Of Probability. [*To* Odm.
Odm. When in a lone
And vacant place we found your Royal Son.
But oh how chang'd from what he fain wou'd ſeem,

Muſt ring up ſuch a train of impious words,
And bitter curſes; Heav'n, we cou'd ſcarce believe
It had been he; but ſtrait approaching nigher,
We over-heard him in a murmuring Tone
Say thus; The Houſe of *Ottoman* ſhall ſoon regain
Its Empire by that Arm it newly fell;
Hearing all this, the pious *Mandricard*
Came near, ſaluted low the proud *Arſanes*;
He frown'd, and lifted high his haughty Head,
Then flung away, and left us in amazement.

Tam. 'Twas done as to his well-known Enemies,
And, Traytor, was it not that Loyal Son,
That brave *Arſanes?* (whom by Heav'n I'm proud
That he ſhould call me Father) was't not he,
Who ſpight of all the baſe indignities,
Under whoſe load he ſunk to baniſhment,
Came with new Strength ſo wonderfully fierce?
So unexpected was all kind of Succour,
Not one among our gazing Troops,
Scarce I my ſelf, but thought him *Mahomet*.

Odm. Too well, dread Prince, he fought, if all were known,
He has already half eclips'd your Fame,
Witneſs all *Tartary*, which bowing low,
Kiſſes the very Ground on which he treads.
Do not you hear *Arſanes* mighty Name
Eccho'd through every Street, long live *Arſanes*,
A Thouſand Voices ev'n in your Court reply,
While *Tamerlane* muſt ſtand neglected by,
And wait upon the Triumphs of his Son.

Abd. By Hell thou art the very Soul of lying.

Odm. Nay more I fear, it is no falſe report,
The ſpecious Acts he wrought in your defence,
Cut but his way into your Peoples Hearts,
And a wide Path to his Ambition made.
This I may ſafely ſwear, my Lord, he's falſe.

Abd The ſame ſwear I.

Tam. You both are Villains,
Falſe, treacherous, perjur'd, damn'd Villains,
Whoſe ſpotted Souls regard not Innocence,
Nor Conſcience trembles, when you dare accuſe it.

And now to let you know how little Faith
Your ſeeming Counſels fix upon my Soul,
Call here the Prince *Arſanes* —— ſpight of yours
And *Mandricards* more hateful Policies,
I'le Crown his Vertue with Rewards ſo large,
Shall raiſe your envy high, as is his Fate.

Enter Arſanes.

Come to my Arms my beſt, my Loyal Son,
Let me embrace thee all, my long-wiſh'd Joys
At laſt are come; riſe my better ſelf:
See there the Authors of thy former woes,
See them, that wou'd renew thy Miſeries;
Villain, is this a Face ſhews diſcontent,
What wild unſtable looks are here, what frown,
What geſture that may render him ſuſpected?

Arſ. I always thought thoſe Men my Enemies;
Yet I confeſs, Great Sir, I have deſerv'd
All that their envy or your juſter wrath
Have made me ſuffer: For whom e're he be
So juſt a Prince thinks falſe, or but ſuſpects,
By Heav'n he's falſe; nay then 'tis a Crime,
A Crime unpardonable in innocence
To ſay ſhe's wrong'd.

Abd. He has a Tongue as ſmooth [*To* Odmar *aſide.*
As yours, pray Heav'n it may but prove as fatal.

Tam. You falſe, believe me; nor thy Conqueror
Your injur'd Vertue claims a Recompence
So large, with guilty thoughts I bluſhing hear,
That now to ſhare that Empire you have ſav'd,
With that your Arms have won, will be a light,
An empty Offering to your vaſt deſerts;
Men ſtile us *Scythians* barbarous and wild,
But I appeal to the Immortal Pow'rs,
If ever *Rome* in all her Pomp cou'd ſhow
An Act like what *Arſanes* has perform'd.
An Act ſo good, *Athens* wou'd bluſh to hear,
As wanting fit example to compare.
An Act to brave the Heroes from their Orbs,

The famous Senate of unconquer'd Minds,
Start back, and think their Glory faintly won,
So much *Arſanes* has ſurpaſs'd their Deeds.
An Act ——
Arſ. Of which I thought the inſolence
Might rather raiſe your Anger, than your Love,
To ſee an Exil'd Slave, who durſt return
Uncall'd to ſhare the Trophies of your Fame.
Yet let me plead but this in my defence,
My Duty to ſo juſt a Father, and
So good a Prince, work'd high my raviſh'd Soul,
Nor could my Blood be chill'd with outward fear,
Or inward grief, but boyling in my Veins,
As one ſhou'd ſay 'twas part of *Tamerlanes*,
Stir'd me to go where Fame and Duty call'd.
Abd. Ruin'd as handſomely as Hell cou'd wiſh us.
Tam. Now in the Face of thy worſt Enemies
Receive the higheſt Honours we can give;
Let looſe thy vaſt Ambition, let it fly
At Riches, Honour, Love, or once at all.
Your Word ſhall guide our Heart, your Wiſhes bind
Our Will; your Pray'rs command what e're they crave,
Ask, and believe it granted e're you ſpeak.
Abd. Now cou'd I cut thy Throat inſtead of his. [*To* Odm.
Arſ. Lawrels, and Crowns are *Tamerlanes* alone,
And the Rich Entrails of the Golden Earth
Serve but to fill the Luſtre of his Name.
It is, Great Sir, a light Requeſt I make,
And yet in my eſteem worth Worlds, ſo great
A Prize the fair *Aſtéria* ſeems to me,
That were I ſeated on the *Scythian* Throne,
With ſwarms of Tributary Kings about me,
And ſubject Princes waiting my Commands,
By all my wiſhes I ſhou'd ſcarce enjoy
One moments reſt, without the beauteous Bride.
Tam. Ye Gods, that ever ſuch antipathy
Shou'd be united; Oh cou'd I but taſte
The ſleepy Waters of dull *Lethe*'s Lake,
That I might now forget thoſe hateful words.
I tell thee, Prince, thy fond Requeſt is vain,

Which

Which nor conſiſts with Duty, nor with Honour.
She is thy Enemy, *Arſanes*, ceaſe
To think of her.
Odm. Take Heart, *Abdalla*, ſee,
The Prince is Planet-ſtruck, and *Tamerlane*
Purſues his ruine.
Arſ. Duty bids me not
Diſpute your dread Commands, yet I muſt blame
The coldneſs of my Stars, and too hard Fate.
Tam. It is not fancy ſure diſturbs my mind,
And leads my wav'ring thoughts to jealouſie;
Yet I cou'd ſhun thee now, *Arſanes*, here
Thy dark Requeſt ſticks deep: Farewell, and when
You make your next, if not as a Son,
Ask what is fitting for a Friend. [*Exit.*
Abd. 'Tis juſt,
As Hell and we cou'd wiſh.
Odm. Now is our time,
To ſhed out all our Poiſon on his Soul,
Which Heav'n nor *Arſanes* may controul. [*Exeunt.*
Arſ. Now from a faireſt Heav'n of ſureſt hope
Am I thus faln? O ſudden turn of Fortune!
Quite ruin'd e're I ſcarce perceiv'd a Change.
Thus ſtands ſome mighty Tower, the Bulwark of
A Nation, ſhooting up her lofty Head
Above the Clouds, gaz'd and wonder'd at,
But in a moment ſee to Aſhes turn'd
Its tot'ring pride on ſome baſe Traytors Guilt,
And ſcarce the marks of all its Glory left.
Thus —— But oh the Star that guilds my days.
She comes; and now my fading ſorrows paſs,
Like ſhowry Clouds before the Glorious Sun.

Enter Aſteria.

Aſt. My deareſt Lord, ſo may you find all Joys
My Heart can wiſh you, as you ſhall unfold
The Myſtick Secret of that ſad Complaint
Juſt now you ſent to Heav'n.
Arſ. Moſt impious were I

Could

Could I while I poſſeſs thoſe numerous Worlds
Of fulleſt pleaſures hanging o're your Brow,
Thoſe endleſs Comforts basking in your Eyes,
And all the Charms which wait upon your Smile,
Ungratefully and fooliſhly complain.
Pard'n me ye Pow'rs, if I have offended,
For to *Arſaces* you are wond'rous kind,
Moſt bountiful, who in the fair *Nerina*
All I can ask, all I can wiſh, have giv'n.
Aſt. Yes, *Adamaxus*, we are free to love,
And I without a crime can give a Heart,
With Honour, Duty, and a Fathers Will.
Arſ. What is't I hear? what ſudden happineſs
Raps my glad Soul?
Aſt. 'Tis true, as ſtrange.
Arſ. O Bliſs!
O Harmony! but how the wond'rous Change
Was wrought, dulls all my buſie thoughts to gueſs.
Aſt. Then firſt I knelt, and wept, and kiſs'd his Feet,
And told how I had been his Darling from
My very Infancy, and what Delights
My Childiſh Sports afforded him —— how dear
He priz'd my Mother, made him ſenſible
Of his paſt Joys with her, and then conjur'd him
By her bleſt Aſhes, and Eternal Name,
To have compaſſion on me.
Arſ. Words like theſe
Wou'd charm the rav'ning Wolf with hunger pinch'd,
With a ſtrange ſoftneſs to forego his Prey,
And make him tender as the panting Lamb.
Aſt. But yet the joyful Grant he had not ſeal'd,
When once again I did embrace his Knees,
And call'd to his remembrance how he liv'd
By your kind interceſſion, though he ſcorns
The Life you gave; yet frankly he confeſs'd
It was a Noble pity in a Mind
So great as yours.
Arſ. Oh the Angelick Sound!
Cou'd yet the moving Argument be vain?
Aſt. It was, my Lord, till turning to a Theme

Of more concern, I told him I lov'd,
How I was lov'd, with what a generous Flame
You anſwered my Affections, how by you
I was protected from the violence
Of raſh *Andronicus*; and then he ſmil'd
And ſaid 'twas nobly done, and as a Lover.
Arſ. And yet cou'd he deny? Oh what remain'd,
What cou'd you farther urge?
Aſt. Your Noble Acts,
Your conſtant Vertue, and unviolate Faith,
How weighing not your wrongs then thick upon you,
Baniſh'd by your great Fathers jealous rage,
Your Loyal Vertue ſtill unſhook, unconquer'd,
Brought Kingdoms to his Throne, and Lawrels to his Head.
This he was ſtrangely taken with, and loſt
Much of his fury; wondred, and grew kind,
And ſwore he cou'd not be a Foe to Vertue
Of ſo ſublime a Nature, then he roſe,
And gave a ſoft Command, and charg'd me love you,
Not as a Prince, not as the Tyrants Son,
But ſomething more than Man, and nearer to the Gods.
Arſ. Thus kneel kind Angels at the Feet of Heav'n,
When ready to deſtroy the impious World,
They with ſoft Pray'rs recall the bolted Thunder,
And ev'n o're-take the ſwifteſt Lightnings Courſe.
Bleſt that I am in thy moſt charming, ſweet,
Prevailing Oratory; thus cou'd we move
But *Tamerlanes* far more obdurate Heart,
Then were we bleſt.
Aſt. Then were we bleſt indeed.

Enter Zayda *confus'dly, and in haſt.*

Zay. O diſmal Chance, O fatal Deſtiny!
Aſt. What means this dreadful Voice, not Croaking Ravens,
With Midnight-ſhreiks, e're thus diſturb'd my Soul.
Zay. Your Father ——
Aſt. Say, what can his ill-tim'd Fate,
Malicious Chance, and inauſpicious Stars,
Do to advance his full-blown Spring of Sorrow?

Zay. Un-

Zay. Unheard-of Cruelty! the Faithleſs Tyrant,
Incens'd by your great Fathers haughty Rage,
Who though in Chains, with his great Spirit frights
The Jealous King, and with a Princely ſcorn
Vexes his raging Soul; which to Revenge,
Fierce *Tamerlane* (O cruel Artifice!)
Lock'd in an Iron Cage his Rival Slave,
While he in barbarous Triumph mounted on
His Shoulders to his Chariot.

Arſ. Savage Prince.

Aſt. O Cruelty! Oh more than Helliſh Torment!

Zay. Impatient of his wrongs, the Royal Captive,
As he through *Samarcanda*'s Streets was led
A publick Trophy in his moving Priſon,
Againſt the maſſy Bars with rage he daſh'd
His Royal Head, while from the fatal Wound
Guſh'd out that Blood, which long the greateſt Life
The World cou'd ever proudly boaſt preſerv'd,
Who in a Storm of ——

Aſt. O I faint, I faint,
To hear you out will ſend my Soul away,
E're I can to his Fate my Duty pay.
Farewell, my Lord.

Arſ. O my deareſt Life,
Let me, let me ſupport thy fainting Beauties.

Aſt. O *Adanaxus*, now we'r loſt again.

Arſ. Unhappy Fate! thus ever in our Joys
A ſudden Thunderbolt divides us. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Mandricard *alone with a Letter.*

Man. What ſhall I do? ſhall I not go? not now?
When thus the true Idea of that Face
Calls my glad Soul, which we adore in Angels?
(Great *Mandricard*, I'le ſing thee in my Lap) [*Reading.*
I come, I come, *Aſteria*, *Mercury*,
Lend me thy winged Buskins, that in thought
I may in ſwiftneſs penetrate the Air.
O welcome, welcome be thou to my Soul,
I kiſs thee for her ſake, whoſe Ivory Hands

Have

Have deep engrav'd theſe Golden Characters.

To him Iſpatia *unſeen.*

Iſp. So now, *Iſpatia*, thou haſt view'd his Heart,
And ſeen it flaming with another Dart;
Then to compleat the Sum of all my Pains,
Death is the only Torment that remains. [*Exit.*

Man. To thee, ſweet Saint, I come, I fly to thee.
But what ill Fates have intercepted me? [*Enter* Arſanes.
Arſanes here? wou'd Hell it were his Ghoſt,
Now by my Arms a far more welcome ſight.
Yet now for my defence a well-forg'd Lie,
With a falſe ſhew of Penitential Kindneſs,
Will be moſt exquiſite. [*Coming near and bowing to* Arſanes.

Arſ. What wou'd this Woman?

Man. Ha!

Arſ. Art thou
Offended with the Name, then change the Art:
For all I yet can ſee in thee is Woman,
Forc'd Tears, feign'd Flatteries, and deep Diſſembling,
Theſe ſeldom ſure poſſeſs a Manly Breaſt.

Man. If ought I've done, can be by what I'le do ——

Arſ. There's death in thy deceitful Eyes and Tongue.

Man. Deceit, and Death, what mean thoſe Myſtick words
Which ſtrike like double Daggers to my Heart?

Arſ. Art thou not falſe?

Man. Deſtructive Fame, thy worſt
Blow all thy lying Trumpets through the World,
And to all Ears pronounce me falſe, yet not
The blaſting Breath of all thy hundred Mouths
Can on my injur'd Vertue caſt a blot.

Arſ. The Careful Pilot riding on the Main,
May tack about, and ſhun the higheſt Rocks;
But thoſe he fears which skulk beneath the Waves,
The unſeen Inſtruments of grinning Death.
You work my ruine, not with Hand, but Heart,
The lurking Treaſure of black Deſigns.

Man. Had I by any other Man been drawn
In ſuch a Character, ſo much unlike,

So inconſiſtent with a Princely Mind,
That Man had with his final ruine brought
Swift vengeance on himſelf for what he ſaid;
By Heav'n! had he but thought it, he had dy'd:
With you quite otherwiſe I beg my peace,
Nature commands you ſeal my happineſs.

Arſ. Ha! are the Wounds I bear ſo light?

Man. What Wounds?
This Tongue, this Heart, and Hand are innocent.

Arſ. Ask'ſt thou what Wounds? So did fell *Atreus* ask
His fainting Brother, drunk with humane Blood,
And heavy with the weight of his own Bowels
Set to him as a Banquet; what he ail'd.
I tell thee Brother, 'twas wretched thing,
An exil'd Slave, and Heir to *Tamerlane.*

Man. Is that not blotted out? I'le hear no more;
Since you my Friendſhip, and my love contemn,
I ſcorn all Treaties of a further Peace.
Come on, Revenge; like Wolves, and ſpotted Tygers
We'l live together in perpetual ſtrife,
And when we meet it muſt be always War.
Of which be this the Sacred, binding Gage.
[*Threw him the Letter and Exit.*

Arſ. 'Twas boldly ſpoke, and much unlike himſelf,
He ne'r profeſs'd himſelf my Foe till now.

To him Axalla.

Ax. Saw you not *Mandricard*, my Lord?

Arſ. I did;
Behold this witneſs of his treacherous hate. [*Opening the Letter.*
Dazle my Eyes? or is it from *Aſteria?*
What ſudden madneſs ſeizes my loſt Senſes?
And makes me think what is impoſſible?
'Tis all deluſion —— Ha —— from my *Nerina!*
Directed too to *Mandricard?* Oh Heav'n!
At her Apartment.

Ax. Oh the Monſter Woman!

Arſ. 'Tis ſure ſome feign'd device!

Ax. Her own falſe Hand,

Her

Her Hand that writes her Hearts unconſtant Love.
Arſ. How oft have I ſuch tender Characters,
Of the ſame ſize and make, lock'd in my Breaſt,
And kiſs'd and worſhip'd 'em like little Idols.
They'r like —— what though they are? ſo poliſh'd Glaſs
Reſembles Chryſtal mimically Fair,
And is not ſo.
Ax. But Women are moſt Women
When they are truly Hypocrites.
Arſ. But my *Nerina*, glory of her Sex,
How have I always thought her more than Woman!
In whom th' Almighty Painter had expreſt
The Faireſt Pattern of exacteſt Angels,
Her Soul he drew the very Lively Image
Of ſome bleſs'd Saint, or ever-happy Martyr;
But oh ſhe of that Rank of Angels Proves,
Whoſe due Commiſſion's only to deſtroy,
Arm'd with fierce Judgments of the Wrath Divine.
Ax. Then ſhun thoſe Judgments which you ſee ſo nigh,
So plain, ſo manifeſt, and now ſhou'd you ——
Arſ. I cannot, and I pray thee do not curſe her,
'Tis puniſhment enough ſh'as giv'n her ſelf
To one that is unconſtant as her ſelf,
And I with pity leave her to her choice.
Ax. O the glad Sound! and will you quit this fondneſs,
And follow Honour, and hunt after Fame?
Arſ. No, my *Axalla*, think not I can ſee
Her Beauties in my preſence raviſh'd from me,
And all the Sacred Store prophanely riſl'd.
Ax. Then work your juſt Revenge, on him, on her,
On all ——
Arſ. Be huſh'd, and dare not name Revenge;
The Name of Brother aws my riſing Fury,
And for *Nerina*, ſhe is yet ſo dear,
I'le ſuffer all things for her, quit my Honours,
My hopes of Scepters, and my right to Crowns,
Nay her dear ſelf for her more certain eaſe.
Ax. Strangely reſolv'd!
Arſ. Like Love undone by Fate,
Oh cou'd I tell where blear-ey'd Sorrow dwells,

Where bellowing out her Soul in diſcontent,
The empty Walls reverberate her woe.
To ſome ſuch place, *Axalla*, let us fly;
There will I on ſome cold hard Stone lay down
My mournful Head, while from my furrow'd Cheeks
My frequent Tears promiſcuouſly fall;
One day I will bewail my own misfortunes,
Another will I kindly dedicate
To the lov'd Memory of *Nerina*'s Father.
Whole Months and Years in tedious ſorrow paſs,
For my *Nerina*, that falſe, much-lov'd Maid,
Complain of all my angry Foes above,
With mournful ſighs the hollow Ecchoes move,
And the laſt Groans of a departing Love.
To Heav'n theſe only Vows, theſe Pray'rs I'le make,
Nerina may her fatal Choice forſake,
And from her boſom caſt the lurking Snake. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

A Councel-Table.

Enter Tamerlane, Odmar, Abdalla, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

Tam. 'Tis time to look about me, I have ſlept
Too long, lull'd into viſionary Dreams
Of fleeting pleaſures, which I waking, find
Moſt dangerous, and for a ſeeming Son
My Boſom has receiv'd the worſt of Foes.
Arſines fled? and Conference with *Turkey*?
O Viper, Parricide, but ſay, my Friends
What timely Fortune has his Crimes reveal'd.
Abd. Ev'n that which ruines all Conſpiracies,
A ſqueamiſh Conſcience, and a light Reward.
The Miniſters he hir'd to his Deſigns

Stand

Stand Witneſſes againſt him.

Tam. Bring 'em forth. [*Exit* Odmar, *and re-enters with two Slaves.*

Odm. Now act the Villains home, now is your time.
[*Aſide to Slaves.*

Tam. Friends to our Crown, for Friends you ſeem to be,
Whoſe care has been employ'd to ſerve our State
From thoſe apparent Dangers threatned it.
We charge you in our Holy Prophets Name
Lay forth the Traytors Heart before our Eyes.

Odm. Swear on the Alcoran your Accuſations
Are juſt and true —— Oh the unhappy Prince.

Abd. S'heart, well play'd Fox, he ſeems to hear with grief
What he ſuborns falſe Witneſſes to ſwear. [*Aſide.*

1. *Slave.* By all the Orders of *Tartarian* Pow'rs
Bound by Allegiance to our Sovereign,
We here are preſent to accuſe and ſwear
Arſanes guilty of theſe Articles:
No more than which himſelf did teſtifie,
And gave us in Commiſſion to perform.
Firſt that this Prince holds private Conference
With the ſurviving Race of *Bajaſet.*
That with the fair *Aſteria*'s Love enflam'd,
He ſeeks his Rival Brothers hated Life;
Then with *Axalla* that he doth combine,
To Poiſon *Tamerlane* our Royal Maſter,
And with *Aſteria* to uſurp his Throne.

Tam. Treach'ry unheard beyond the Thought of Man!
But tell me, Friend, where bides the Traytor?

Odm. Speak,
Say any where. [*Aſide to the Slave.*

Sl. n a lone Wood, my Lord,
After a long Complaint againſt the Prince
His Royal Brother; full of envious hate
And proud diſdain; after he had rehears'd
All his pretended wrongs in Baniſhment
Receiv'd; bluſhing Scarlet deep with Shame,
He roſe to an Arraignment of the State,
And our eſtabliſh'd Laws ——
Then impiouſly againſt his Father rag'd,
And ſwore Revenge.

Abd. Mc-

Ald. Methinks now Stratagem
Comes on to ſomething. [*Aſide.*

Odm. Theſe are practis'd Villains.

2. *Sl.* Himſelf he ſaid was ſtreight for *Pruſia* bound,
Where the young Rebel Princes wait his coming.

Tam. Perdition on the Viper! how he bites!
Could e're ſuch baſeneſs ſpring from *Tamerlane*.
Is this his Piety ſo far renown'd?
That Loyalty which ſeem'd inviolable?
Thoſe Oaths that cou'd have forc'd all Heav'n believe him?
Is this his ſcorn of Honours and Rewards?
And did he ſtarve his hungry Appetite,
That with a ſtronger Fury he might run
Wolf-like upon our Life and Diadem?
And gaping, ſwallow all the Golden Prey.
Fly, fly, *Arſaces*, breath on what Soil thou wilt
Thy hated Life, though every Sea ſhou'd joyn
In one vaſt Ocean, their aſſiſtant Floods
To part us ever, though thy adverſe Feet
In unknown Tracks kick at our upper Earth,
Though o're the Starry Pole thou ſoaring fly'ſt
Above old Winter, and deep Beds of Snow,
Our painted Vengeance ſhall purſue thy Soul,
And ſpy thee in thy darkeſt Caverns hid,
Pierce through thy Manſion with our ſharp Revenge,
Or ſend our Curſes, where we cannot reach. [*Exit.*

Odm. See there, *Arſaces*, how the rowling Waves
Come on amain, and daſh thee on the Rock.

Ald. Methinks we two now like the Sea-born Giants,
Great *Otus*, and tall *Ephaltes* ſtand,
And grow out all their Acres in a moment.

Odm. Our Fortunes Friend in this vaſt Enterpriſe
Have made us free to give the *Scythian* Throne
To whom we pleaſe; Come, *Mandricard*, and claim
Thy vaſt Poſſeſſions, ask us Heav'n next,
And we'l do more with theſe two Fertile Brains,
Then e're *Briareus* with his hundred Hands. [*Exeunt.*

Aſteria's

Aſteria's *Apartment.*

Who is diſcover'd lying on a Couch, a Cupid *in Soft Muſick deſcends over her and Sings.*

Song.

HOw pleaſant Vertue are thy Slumbers,
Sound thy Sleeps, and ſweet thy Dreams,
While thee no Fear, no Guilt incumbers,
Danger frights, or Thought condemns?

2.

Thou naked with reſiſtleſs Armour
Doſt thy ſelf revenge, and ſhield,
Thou ſilent art ſo ſweet a Charmer,
To thy Reaſons all muſt yield.

3.

On thy fair Brow ſits ſmiling Honour,
Juſtice waits thy awful Voice,
Thou Heir to Bleſſings art, thou Owner
Of Rich Fortunes Richeſt Joys.

4.

Thou, what is Heav'ns greateſt Bleſſing,
Art the Darling Child of Love,
Though Heav'n yet hinder from poſſeſſing,
It will all thy Pains remove. [The *Cupid* aſcends.

Aſteria *awakes in great diſorder.*

Aſt. What Myſtick Objects entertain my Soul,
And hold me in amazement? how confus'd
Are all my Thoughts, kind Joys with Troubles mixt,
Hope with dread Fear, diſorder'd maſs of Fancy!
The End ſeem'd good, but oh that End is vain,
As fleeting as its Shade, as womaniſh
And fond a Dream, as to my weary'd Eyes
Thought cou'd ſuggeſt, or Mimick Fancy play.

Is going out. *Enter* Mandricard *ſtaying her.*

Man. So on fair *Paphos* Iſle the wanton Queen
Her Shelly Chariot drawn with ſporting Doves,
Had lightly enter'd in a ſmiling Calm,
Ready to cruiſe upon her Parent Seas,
When from a-far the Warlike God eſpy'd her,
And brought her back to more ſubſtantial Pleaſures.
Aſt. What means this fatal Comet to our Houſe,
Near what new birth of miſchief does he ſhine?
Man. At length my Pray'rs are heard, my Vows have reach'd
The Deity, to which they were addreſs'd.
Accept, O Faireſt Pow'r, from a Prince,
The Faithful Sacrifice of Humbleſt Thanks,
For all the Bleſſings you have pour'd upon him.
Aſt. What Bleſſings, or what Prince? yet ſhou'd there be
Any my tenderneſs has gratifi'd,
He's choſe an ill Ambaſſador I'm ſure
To pay his juſt Acknowledgments, which needs
Muſt taſte ungrateful from the Man I hate.
Man. Heav'n, how diſcordant are her Hand and Tongue!
Think not, *Aſteria*, *Mandricard* cou'd truſt
To any Second his moſt Boſom Secret,
I the Receiver kneel to pay the Debt.
Aſt. If you from me a Kindneſs did receive,
I'm ſure 'twas ſmall, and may be paid with eaſe.
Man. How unconcern'd ſhe ſpeaks, and looks diſdain!
Yes, Madam, Heart for Heart is eaſie change;
Flames will meet Flames, and Fires joyn with Fires,
Ravage through all, and leave no middle ſpace.
Aſt. Rav'ſt thou, or do my Ears drink in a Sound
As real, as 'tis monſtrous? Oh my Stars,
Protect me, and remove the hateful Object.
Man. Yet Princeſs, your fair Hand has otherwiſe
Deciphe'd me —— the Glorious *Mandricard* ——
Aſt. My Hand!
Man. Your Hand, which on the happy Paper preſt
The Praiſes of your much lov'd *Mandricard.*
Aſt. Curſt be that Hand that writes thee ought but Fiend,

Curſt

Curſt be that Tongue that ſpeaks thee ought but Monſter.
Man. Unfold, Great *Alha*, this Myſterious Secret!
Come, you diſſemble, and a modeſt ſhame
Defers our Joys.
Aſt. I'de claſp a Serpent ſooner;
Had my baſe Hand e're thus bely'd my Heart,
As an infectious Limb I'de tear it from
My tainted Body, for the Wild Beaſts, or Flames.
Man. You need not now, *Aſteria*, uſe ſuch Language,
There are no Oaths, no Promiſes, no Vows
To be kept now: Sure Death has ſwallow'd all,
And cold *Arſanes* in their ruine lies.
Aſt. Yes, I will keep 'em ſtill to puniſh thee,
My Faith ſhall be the Scourge of my Revenge,
My Conſtancy ſhall keep thee on a Rack
Of Everlaſting Torments, and my Oaths
Shall one by one ſtrike thee with mad deſpair;
Thou art my Slave, and thou ſhalt live like one.
Thinkeſt thou, fond Fomenter of my Grief,
I do not hate that Man to Death, nay Hell,
That caus'd *Arſanes* Ruine? Proud Prince, I do;
Remember, Sir, my Brothers, Fathers Wrongs,
And bluſh to ask a Grace of me; to love?
No not to look, or viſit me with Monſters.
Man. You treat me, Fair one, ſo ſevere a way,
As forces me to plead in my defence.
If in the War your Brother fell, not I,
But Fortune guiding my far-wandring Steel,
Cut off the forward Youth ——
For your Great Fathers, and *Arſanes* Wrongs,
I'm innocent as harmleſs Infants are.
Aſt. You innocent! ſo's Hell; ſo is your Train
Of Fellow-Villains, Infernal Miniſters,
Are they not Prince?
Man. What e're you'l have 'em be
They are, they muſt; and which of 'em but dares
Offer to plead his Innocence, he dies.
Aſt. Fine Flatterer! thus did that ſupple Tongue
Sooth *Tamerlane* to hate the beſt of Princes:
Nor have you ended there, but cheriſh ſtill

Your Breaſt with thinking with what ſubtle Art
You ſpread your Snares to catch the Prey deſign'd,
And glory in the Murderous Succeſs.

Man. How ſweet her Looks, yet dreadful to approach!
Madam, a Prince repentant begs your Pardon,
And as the Fury of the *Scythian* Sword
Is now aſſwag'd, untaught to hurt or kill,
So let your Anger be allay'd with mildneſs;
So will the World in peaceful Triumph ſit,
And ſmilling, pall the envious Fates deſigns.

To them Iſpatia.

Ha! whence that Helliſh Fury like her ſelf
Has brought her here? Curſe on the twining Serpent!
Shall I ne'r ſhake her off! by Heav'n it comes!
A ſwift Contrivance whets my ſudden Thought,
Which ſhall divide us ever, far as Heav'n,
Or far as Hell their Center hold from Earth. [*Exit.*

Iſp. Art thou the watry Sourſe from whence this Stream,
Theſe daily guſhings of my Mourning Eyes
Burſt forth, and almoſt drown my fainting Heart?
Are thoſe the Comets, whoſe dire Influence
Sheds Ruine on me; is there in that Voice
So ſweet an Harmony, ſo full of Charms,
It can bewitch the Senſe of *Mandricard?*

Aſt. Yes, *Mandricard* has learnt to ſtoop to me,
And at my Feet his daily Homage pay,
Which thus I ſcorn, and ſpurn ev'n into Wind.

Iſp. Unſufferable Creature, does ſhe ſcorn him?
Oh more, far more than this, I cou'd endure
Her Love; contemn him? nay that is not all,
She Rivals me, and yet profeſſes ſcorn;
Is't not enough you have enſnar'd his Love?
Caught with a Golden Bait his yielding Heart?
But you muſt on his Honour raiſe contempt,
And make him cheap —— Oh Torture, Oh my Soul!

Aſt. Know then, *Iſpatia*, if you are reſolv'd
To ſound my Heart, I frankly muſt confeſs
I hate him, hate my Brothers Murderer

To death, and pray the Gods he may ſo love,
So burn with Paſſion, till I pity him,
Which Furies firſt ſhall do unto the Damn'd.
Nay do not rage, but thank me that I hate him,
For had I lov'd, *Iſpatia*, had I lov'd,
You might have found him lock'd within my Arms,
Not proſtrate at my Feet, nor had you e're
Have been admitted to reprove me for it,
As now you do.

Iſp. 'Tis like I ſhou'd not, Captive,
Nor am I now perhaps, by your good leave;
Yet I'le maintain the happineſs I've ſought,
Stay here and pierce through either Heart, as far
As Sharp ey'd Jealouſie can look.

Aſt. Compleat
With this one Promiſe then my Happineſs,
To hold him ever after from my ſight.
But ſee, he comes —— [*Enter* Mandricard *with a Prieſt.*

Iſp. A Prieſt! what Omens now
Swell big that holy Harbinger of Fate?

Man. This holy Man, *Iſpatia*, as of old
He joyn'd our Hands before the ſmiling Gods,
So wou'd he now our Hearts; one Kiſs upon
The Sacred Alcoran, and our Love is Seal'd.

Iſp. Bleſt Alteration!

Aſt. O thrice happy Hour!

Iſp. What ſudden Ague ſeizes my chill'd Limbs?
How my Eyes dazle, and my Senſes ſwim!
What have we done, my Lord?

Man. O nothing, nothing,
'Tis but a Fit, a Qualm, a certain Scout,
Or flying Meſſenger from Deaths Tribunal,
To ſummon thee to Everlaſting Reſt.

Iſp. What means my Lord?

Man. Oh 'tis a Sovereign Balm,
A Cure to all Diſtempers —— to be plain,
The Book was poiſon'd, and thou haſt drunk the Venom.

Iſp. O Traytor! yet e're I expire, hear me.

Man. Speak quickly then.

Iſp. Not long ago, my Lord, you did receive

A Letter from that Princeſs.

Aſt. Me!

Iſp. With all
The Pow'r of Penitence I here implore
Your Pardon.

Man. What means the Fury?

Iſp. In her Name
You took, embrac'd it, lock'd within your Boſom
The outward Manuſcript, within your Heart
The ſweet Contents.

Man. Which do enrich my Soul!

Iſp. But now, ungrateful Man, be't ſpoke at laſt.
To fright thy Lawleſs Paſſion be it ſpoke;
I, not *Aſteria*, wrote thoſe Fatal Words
Which cauſe my Death.

Man. Then wou'd to *Mahomet*
They may prove thy Damnation too.

Aſt. Oh Heav'n!

Iſp. Well, Traytor, thou haſt had thy Fatal Wiſh,
As it is ſure I die; but know baſe Poiſoner,
Thy wily Treaſons have not ſet thee free,
Nor will *Iſpatia* leave thee even in Death,
I'le fright thee in thy Dreams, I'le haunt thee waking,
I'le ſcourge thy Conſcience with Whips of Remorſe.
The Sting of Serpents ſhall be nothing to it.
Yes, I will have Revenge, I will; I'le ſtrike
Thee mad with terror, when thou dar'ſt approach
My Rivals Beauties; Claſp her, and I'le glide
All Cold between, and daſh the fancy'd Joy.
O *Alha*, *Mahomet*, O Courteous Heav'n,
Give me but Power as here I yield my Soul
Up to your Mercy in Deaths cruel Pangs. [*Dies.*

Man. Remove the hated Body from my ſight.

Aſt. And are there Pow'rs in Heav'n, and can they ſee
This Sacrilegious Miſchief go unpuniſh'd?

Man. What ever Deities in Heav'n there are,
They prove the Deed, and ſmile upon the Doer.
And thus by giving thee reward it; now Prieſt.

[Mandricard *and the Prieſt take her up, and are carrying her off.*

Aſt. Look down, O *Mahomet*, from Heav'n, behold

My

My hard distressed Fortune; save, oh save
A Virgins Chastity, unsoil'd, unstain'd,
And right with Miracles thy Pow'r contemn'd.

Enter Axalla *and* Zanches, *their Swords drawn.*

Ax. This way, this way the mournful Ecchoe calls.
Oh the bold Traytors, Sacrilegious Villains.
[*They fight*, Mandricard *and the Priest are beaten off.*
They run, they fly; now injur'd Vertue, seek [*To* Ast.
Thy safe Retreat, while I pursue the Villains. [*Exeunt.*
Ast. Who e're you be just *Mahomet* reward you. [*Exit.*

SCENE a Wood.

Arsanes *sitting melancholly on a Green Bank, while his Page sings this*

SONG.

BEhold ye Sylvans that frequent
This silent, sighing, mourning Grove;
Behold the Fountains, Birds lament,
Unhappy Damons *fatal Love.*
Chloris *to him her Heart denies,*
For which the gentle Shepherd dies.
Ch. Chloris *to him* &c.

Bright Chloris *fairest of her kind,*
That charm'd with Smiles the yielding Swain,
False Chloris *falser than the Wind,*
That turns his Fairy Joys to Pain.
Her Vows, her Oaths which tir'd Heav'n,
Were for so many Curses giv'n.
Ch. *Her Vows, her Oaths* &c.

Then fill with hollow Sighs the Day,
With Cypress strow the mourning Green;
Let nothing fresh, let nothing gay
O're all the fading Plain be seen;
For see the Swain lies bleeding there,
Wounded by Love, dead with Despair.
Ch. *For see the Swain* &c.

Ars. Thus

Arſ. Thus in a Chaos of cold diſcontent
I paſs the weary Minutes, breathing forth
My daily Paſſions from my waſted Spirits;
Unhappy, wretched Prince, how Deſtiny
Allots unjaſt misfortunes to thy Youth!
Which to others is a flowing Spring of good,
To thee's a frosty Winter of cold Sorrow.
Oh my *Nerina!* how thy doubtful Faith
Strikes deep my Heart; nor can I think thee falſe
To thy falſe Hand againſt thy Vertue plead.
So, thus —— I may gaze here till I am blind, [*Looking on the Letter.*
But never here ſhall ſatisfaction find. [*Throwing it away.*

Enter in haſt Axalla *and* Zanches.

Ax. Live, live *Arſanes.*
In juſt Obedience to your great Commands
I went to the Apartment of *Aſteria*;
Where firſt I heard what ſeiz'd my Soul with horror,
And num'd my Senſes with a Marble Fear;
I heard, *Arſanes*, your *Nerina* ſhrieking,
With all the Struglings of a Raviſh'd Maid.
When from her Chamber ruſh'd in furious haſt
The Villain *Mandricard*, and the prophaner
Villain a Prieſt, who graſp'd the Sacred Store.
Rais'd by the Pow'r of ſo juſt an Anger,
Your Old Mans Blood glow'd with a Youthful Heat,
While with our Swords I and the Faithful *Zanches*
Purſu'd the Traytors, forc'd 'em quit their Treaſure,
And made 'em thankful to their Stars for Life.
Arſ. O Golden Minute! Thanks O Gracious Heav'n!
And thou its kindeſt happieſt Inſtrument.
Ax. What Paſt before her fair Hand will unfold,
This Letter to your Hand ſhe charg'd me bring.
Arſ. They'r welcome on what ever Errand ſent,
Axalla, ſee the wond'rous mighty Proof [*Reading.*
Of her wrong'd Innocence, ſhe writes, not ſhe,
But fond *Iſpatia*, as dying ſhe confeſs'd,
Was Author of thoſe Lines which drove us hither
In ſo much Fury, and ſo much Deſpair.

Ax. 'Tis

Ax. 'Tis as *Axalla*'s Heart cou'd wiſh it ſhou'd be.
Arſ. How cou'd I truſt theſe Characters which are
Unlike, as Faith and Falſhood, Love and Hate,
Hope and Deſpair; and ſhou'd I then have curſt,
Curſt her ſweet Vertue for anothers Crime?
Such words wou'd ſure have blaſted me, ſuch words
Had gave my Heart the lie, had ſwoln my Tongue
With its own Venome, nay had preſs'd and grip'd
My thoughtful Senſe with wrecks of dire remorſe,
And the black Scourge of ſelf-tormenting Conſcience.
Ax. But ſee, my Lord, the tendereſt words ſhe writes!
See at the end of her Complaints her Pray'rs,
She begs Protection from your Royal Hands.
Arſ. Protect her! yes, againſt the Univerſe,
Brother, and Father; Fortunes Darts, and Fates
Decrees, the buſineſs of our Watchful Eyes
Shall be to mark her Enemies, our Strength
And well-collected Vertue be her Guard
Where e're ſhe moves: Let us not waſt in words
One moment of our Life, theſe happy Hours,
A ſwift Obedience calls our Hearts and Hands,
For from *Nerina* came the ſoft Commands. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Arſanes, Aſteria.

Arſ. With equal Joy, as when the firſt-born Man
Through a ſweet Paradiſe led his Infant Bride,
With all the Pleaſures of a welcome Love
Do I unſatiate with *Aſteria*'s Charms
Paſs the glad day.
Aſt. Did not my Fathers Fate
Oppoſe the ſweet delights of growing Love,
This day I cou'd with mighty Queens diſpute
The Number of bleſs'd Minutes.

Arſ. Oh

Arſ. Oh my Soul.
Aſt. My Heart, I can profus'dly wiſh!
Arſ. My all that I can ask, and Heav'n can give.

Enter Abdalla, *with Guards.*

Abd. Or I'm miſtaken, or
This is the Traytor, apprehend him.
Arſ. Whom?
Abd. Arſaces, Sir, me thinks you much reſemble
That great, out-witted States-man Prince.
Arſ. 'Tis he; Slave, ſpeak thy Errand.
Abd. From *Tamerlane.*
Arſ. No more; 'tis Blaſphemy
To ask, or to diſpute the Cauſe, I go
Where e're he calls to ſhameful Bands, or Death.
Lead on —— but oh, my Heart, forget her not
Aſteria ——
Aſt. My Lord ——
Abd. We muſt not wait
Fond Lovers tedious partings; Lead away.
Arſ. Farewel, Fair Star, for ever. [*Is led off.*
Aſt. He's gone, he's gone;
Hurry'd away by Traytors to his Death,
And oh, ye Pow'rs, I had not power to ſpeak
My laſt Farewel; Ile follow though, and pierce
Without regard of Life or Being, through
All that does, can oppoſe me; break through Fire,
Through Flames, o're Mountains paſs, and ſwelling Seas,
Through Files of *Tartars*, Swords, Lances, Javelins.
Arm'd with reſiſtleſs Love, and Rage, I'le fly
Like Lightning in a moment to his Cell,
With all the force of parting Love embrace him.
Bath with my Widow-Tears his panting Breaſt,
Bask in his Eyes, ſhare that Eternal Reſt
His Noble Soul ſhall claim among the Bleſt. [*Exit.*

Mandri-

Mandricard *is diſcovered aſleep, the Ghoſt of* Iſpatia *by him with a Dagger in her Hand, threatning him.*

Gh. Reſt, reſt, my Soul, at laſt great Heav'ns Care,
Let never Innocence of Heav'n deſpair.
Thus ſent, thus arm'd, an injur'd Shade I come
To ſcourge thee, Prince, for thy untimely Doom.
Thy Conſcience thus juſt *Alha* does unſeal,
And to thee all the horrors of thy Crimes reveal.
With Frenzy ſhalt thou rage, with Sorrow groan,
And in deep thought thy dazled Senſes drown.
An inward Hell thee, Poiſoner, ſhall burn,
Nor ſhalt thou ever to thy ſelf return. [*Exit.*

Mandricard *riſes frighted and raging.*

Man. I wou'd have torn her, and have ſacrific'd
Her Members to *Iſpatia*'s wandring Ghoſt;
Nay haunt me not, dear Shade, I've ſworn to do it,
With as much Art I'le work thy Rivals Fate,
As th' wilieſt Devil of 'em all can wiſh.
What Sorcery this *Turkiſh* Beauty bears!
Ha! where ſo ſwiftly fled! have Harlots Wings?
Then to the *Icarian* Flood I'le ſteer my Courſe,
Drain it, and rob the unexperienc'd Boy
Of his ill-manag'd Quills, born on whoſe Force
I'le mount, and catch her in her hotteſt Chace.

Enter Odmar, Abdalla.

Odm. My Lord, Lord *Mandricard.*
Man. Did not you ſee a Monſter up the Hill.
Sharp radiant Arrows arm'd her Magick Eyes,
Her Face, or no Face, or her double Face,
Shew'd crooked, Nature ſhrowded by falſe Art,
Theſe well-known marks make ill for her eſcape.
Hey follow, ſeek, 'tis worth our pains, and more,
Millions to one but we ſhall ſeize the Witch.
See ho! ſee there o're yonder Plain ſhe fleets!

O for an Arrow from *Diana*'s Quiver!
Spread wide your Nets, mark where to Autumn Gray
The verdant Spring is chang'd, that, that's her Road,
Made hoary by her Sorcery and Charms.
She's near, she's near; my Noſtrils draw the Scent
Of Paints, of Powders, Daubings, ſtrong Perfumes,
A Whore will ſcent a Mile —— ſo nimble —— ha,
'Tis noble Sport, ſo hei, follow, ſo hei. [*Runs up and down, and out.*

Odm. Was ever ſuch a Change in Nature wrought!
So ſudden, yet ſo perfect!

Abd. This your Plots,
Your Stratagems have done, had I been heard,
He had e're this have worn a Crown by Arms
Nobly atchiev'd.

Odm. Thine were the means to ſure
Deſtruction, this we may amend.

Abd. Ha, ha!
Doſt thou not ſee our hopes in frenzy drown'd?
Brave had you fell my way, as ſhameful this.

Odm. We'l follow him ——

Abd. In vain.

Odm. Our Counſels may ——

Abd. Make him a Fool, as they have made him mad.

Odm. What ſhall I do?

Abd. Die in the Act like Men.

Odm. Or live, and work more Ruine.

Abd. And be found
Traytors at laſt, moſt infamous and baſe.

A Noiſe of Fighting.

Odm. What Noiſe is that?

Abd. 'Tis the dear Shout of Battle,
Abdalla, to thy lov'd Vocation. [*Exit*

Odm. Go,
I'le follow, and thy dangerous Fortunes ſhare. [*Exit.*

The Scene opening, diſcovers Tamerlane, Odmar, Abdalla, *encountring* Axalla, Zanches, *and others.*

Ax. *Arſanes*, live; or periſh all thy Friends.
Peo. Revenge, Revenge our Prince *Arſanes* wrongs.
Ax. They fly, they fly; ſee, O the wrong'd *Arſanes*,
Thy Succour nigh. [Tam. *and his Party give back.*
Abd. We muſt not thus give up
To Slaves our Lawrels while *Abdalla* lives.
Ax. Die then perfidious, baſe, eternal Villain! [*Kills* Abdalla.

A Retreat is ſounded on *Tamerlanes* ſide, the Scene cloſes.

Enter Tamerlane, Odmar.

Tam. Dead or alive he will my Ruine prove.
Odm. Diſpatch him ſtrait.
Tam. You'r raſh, and unadvis'd;
Prove thy ſelf worthy of the Name thou bear'ſt
Our Counſellor, or die.
Odm. Your Slaves Advice
Meets your Commands; let, Sir, *Arſanes* live;
Free him.
Tam. Ha! ſay'ſt thou!
Odm. Theſe Reports will quell
Th' incenſed Crowd; while I in Ambuſh laid
In ſome dark ſecret Corner of the Palace,
Ruſh on him ſwell'd with pride, and reeling with
The drunkenneſs of Love, end him, my Lord,
Big with large expectations of delight,
And from your Royal Scepter take the Guilt.
Tam. Thou art my Soul, my Empires Prop, and Refuge,
Who haſt reviv'd it ſinking from its Aſhes;
Next to our own, when thy Bleſt Hand performs
The happy Work of thy projecting Brain,
I'le Crown thy Head with Lawrel and with Gold,
Boaſting of thee our Life and Throne to hold. [*Exit.*
Odm. Now *Odmar*, for thy ſhare expect no leſs
Than Scepters for thy dear contriving Wit;

Ha, ha, ha, ha, to ſee the Shallow King
Expect Security and Bliſs from me.
Vain Fools who think we work for any Ends
But for our own ——— How tamely the dull Crowd
Lay down their Arms, and leave their Prince defenceleſs;
Die, die, *Arſanes*, and live *Mandricard*,
And I thy happy Father; with what eaſe
Odmar a Crown has purchas'd to his Race!
Me thinks I ſee my numerous Royal Offspring
Steal ſoftly by, all Crown'd; no more, let others
By Blood and Civil Wars an Empire gain.
'Tis Fraud alone falſe Titles can maintain. [*Exit.*

A Chamber.

Enter Arſanes.

Arſ. I wonder how the Grave and Wiſe define
Th' uncertain motions of ambiguous Chance,
While equally ſhe flatters, and deſtroys.
'Tis true I'm free, live, have large promiſes
To Love and Reign, as my high Birth requires.
But oh, what ſafety's in that Freedom found
From the ſweet quiet of the Mind exil'd!
That I in Chains! [*Enter* Axalla.
Ax. My Lord!
Arſ. What haſt my Friend,
To view this Load of Shame?
Ax. Ha, Prince.
Arſ. I ſaid my Shame.
Am I not mark'd in every Limb a Villain?
Ax. This Temper ſuits not with your Fate, my Lord,
Thick Crowds of Friends expect you at the Court,
Waiting to Crown your vaſt Deſert with Honour.
Which *Tamerlane* by me commands you take.
Arſ. What ſort of Honour is to Rebels due?
Ax. Rebells?
Arſ. Am I not one? how came I here?
Ax. Leave thoſe jealous Thoughts:
Rank'd in long Rows the gazing People ſtand

An

An endleſs Multitude; while ſmiling Virgins
From Windows, mixt with Joyful Matrons, lean,
All hoping, and all wiſhing, praying too
For your Approach; *Arſanes* is the Sound,
The only Sound the Gods can hear from Earth.
Arſ. Triumphant Villain that I am!
Ax. Ha! Villain!
Fool that I am to court a dreaming Zealot
To ſublime Honours; ſtupid, thankleſs Prince;
Is this the Character our love deſerves?
Traytors and Villains! Oh the hateful Name!
Go, Prince, and as thy unman'd Soul requires,
Neglecting Palaces, in Dungeons dye,
Slave-marking Iron preſs with vileſt pain
Thoſe Limbs, which Sword, Steel, Fire have ſuſtain'd.
Farewell, *Arſanes*, neither Prince, nor Man.
Arſ. Hold, Noble Friend; pard'n, oh *Axalla*, pard'n
A few raſh words; the Act in you was good,
Friendlike, and Juſt; and were it not forbid,
Forbid by Duty, it were ſo in me;
But oh!
Ax. Still dreaming?
Arſ. Oh my Innocence
Thou ſacred fort, fair Guardian of my Breaſt,
Where art thou fled? me thinks I'm left alone,
Diſarm'd, defenceleſs, ſince I ſaw thee laſt.
Ax. Still in the tedious maze of fearful doubts!
Arſ. Where e're I turn I ſee my Ruine nigh.
Ax. Mark then your ſureſt way to Life or Death,
Bright Honour, or baſe Shame; the King, *Arſanes*,
Brooks heavily the ſcorn of his Commands,
Your Friends their ill-accepted Love repent,
And ſad *Nerina* all in Tears proteſts
She never thought *Arſanes* cou'd deny
Her any thing.
Arſ. Hold, thou haſt ſaid enough;
Words of ſuch wond'rous ſenſe, ſo moving, full
With Arguments of ſuch prevailing Pow'r,
Wou'd raiſe the dull Lethargick from his Dream;
That Threefold Chain of Duty, Friendſhip, Love,

Wou'd bind the Roving Sylvan Honours Slave;
Faith draws the Wills of Men to my defence,
Duty and Love Auxiliary Gods. [*Exeunt.*

Odmar ſolus.

Odm. Traytor! 'tis a Name of vaſt import!
Not arm'd with furbiſh'd Braſs, nor lock'd in Steel,
He bears the noiſeleſs Weapons of Deceit.
Lies politick, and ſubtle Flatteries
Raiſe him to truſt; what cannot Villains truſted?
We change, deſtroy, make Princes, and unmake.
Unenvy'd be henceforth *Caſſander* fam'd,
Dire *Sylla*, Cloſe *Sejanus*, Cruel *Marius*,
Seditious *Gracchi*, God-like *Catiline*,
With all the Glorious Traytors of each Age;
Not the falſe *Smerdis* with his Magick Train
Could ſound the dark Abyſs of *Odmars* Plots.
Peop. Long live Great *Tamerlane*, and Prince *Arſanes*. [*Shout within.*
Odm. Hark, now me thinks I ſee this Lover come
Hot with deſire; ſee how the too raſh Fool
With what large haſty ſteps he meets half way
My Daggers Point; now, Heart, for thy Revenge!
Heav'n guide my Hand where I reſolve to ſtrike!
Here will I make my Vigilant Retreat,
All Paſſages but through this Gate are bar'd
To the dear Lodgings of his lov'd *Aſteria*;
While the dark Night ſhall ſhrow'd me and my Guilt. [*Retreats.*

Enter Mandricard.

Man. No not ſo much as one poor Cypreſs Torch
To light her to her Grave —— ah the much-wrong'd *Iſpatia!*
[Odmar *ruſhes on him and ſtabs him with a Poniard.*
Odm. As ſure a Thruſt as ever Malice made.
Lye there thou empty Blaze of Fame; while I
Run with falſe Tears, devulger of thy Fate.
Oh how the Crowd will fret! the Prince *Arſanes*,
The Noble Prince lies murder'd in the way.
Help, help, the Prince is murder'd. oh, oh, oh, oh. [*Exit.*

Man. Dark-

Man. Darkneſs and Horror! whither am I going?
What greedy Horſe-leech ſucks my Vital Blood,
And draws me to a Being like *Iſpatia*'s?
Laugh, laugh, ye Furies, and ye Devils grin,
Scourge me with Scorpions, puniſh me with Flames,
Eternal Flames; tear, conſume, devour me,
Let Hell ſurround me with her greateſt Torments,
Severeſt Plagues prepar'd for blackeſt Souls;
But turn the wrong'd *Iſpatia* from my ſight,
Iſpatia's Preſence is a Thouſand Hells. [*Dies.*

Re-enter Odmar *with a dark Lanthorn.*

Odm. But to be ſure thou'rt dead, it much concerns.
By Heav'n 'tis *Mandricard*, Death, Furies, Hell,
And thou, curſt Hand, falſe Author of my woe,
Thou Traytor to my Will, and Rebel to my Aim;
Oh the black Curſe of Chance——
And plague of Accidents! ſo groſs an Error
Was wrought ſure by the envy of the Stars.
My *Mandricard*, my Son, oh, oh, my Son.

Enter Tamerlane.

Tam. Keep back the Rabble, and your ſelves retreat,
While I ſurvey and mourn my hapleſs Son.
Well, Friend, thou'ſt done the buſineſs.
Odm. Very well,
To make the Strumpet Fortune friſk and laugh.
Tam. What mean you Friend?
Odm. I mean there is in Heav'n
A Jubilee among *Arſanes* Stars.
Tam. That he's come there——
Odm. That he is not come there.
Tam. Thy Myſtick Speech I cannot comprehend,
Nor ſound thy Senſe, no nor thy Ghaſtly Looks.
Odm. This will explain 'em all—— [*Points to* Mandric.
Tam. By all the Gods
'Tis *Mandricard*, Curſt Villain—— Oh my Son.
Odm. Ha, ha, ha.

Tam. What

Tam. What wou'd thy Mirth?
Odm. Seeing once a Corſe
On a Black Beer to gloomy *Pluto* born,
I laught to ſee the Sympathetick Crowd
Howl, yell, lament, as they were Parents all.
What was the Corſe to them, or they to it?
Tam. Yet Ridling, Slave? what hoa my Guards —— who waits?
Seize there the Murderer. [*Enter Guards.*
Odm. I ſcorn to periſh by a Fate ſo baſe.
Thus do the Noble dye —— [*Stabs himſelf.*
What mean thoſe Tears? [*To* Tam.
Know, King, thou ſhou'dſt have ſhed thoſe very Tears
Some twenty years ago, when *Mandricard*
Your Son, my Charge, a tender Infant dy'd;
Then the with'd Glory of my days began;
He dey'd; I to his room my Son advanc'd,
My own *Themyre*, ſuppos'd your *Mandricard*.
My ſwell'd Ambition yet did higher aim,
A King, at leaſt the Father of a King
I was reſolv'd to raiſe my ſelf. Think, Sir,
By me how oft *Arſanes* has been made
By me a Traytor, never of himſelf.
This was the laſt unlucky Cheat I acted,
Which the curſt Fates had otherwiſe decreed,
And turn'd on me the Ruines of my Wiſh.
Scarce can I more; my Death comes ſwiftly on;
While from my Actions I this Glory draw,
None cou'd but *Odmar*, *Odmars* Plots deſtroy. [*Dies.*
Tam. Remove the wretched Bodies from my ſight,
The hated Traytor, and the curſt Impoſtor!
Firſt let 'em hang a publick Spectacle
In our high Road which to the Palace leads,
Then when all Eyes are glutted with the ſight,
Caſt 'em to Birds and Beaſts a welcome Prey.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Prepare, Great *Tamerlane*, for your defence,
Uproars and Tumults every where are ris'n.
Fame of *Arſanes* Death has arm'd the Crowd,

With

With Fury, Rage, Suſpicions, Frenzies, Fears,
Your ſelf the ſole Promoter of his Fate
Are ſworn, arraign'd, on you they vow Revenge.
Tam. Haſt quickly, and with Trumpets Sound pronounce
The Rumour falſe; their lov'd *Arſanes* lives;
By bleſt miſtake 'tis *Mandricard* is ſal'n. [*Exit off.*
Call to my Arms the Noble Prince *Arſanes*,
And his fair Miſtreſs; at laſt my Eyes are open,
Unſeal'd to Truth, I ſee and am confirm'd
No cloſe Conſpiracy, or black Deſign,
But Love, and only Love, their Hearts did joyn.

Enter Arſanes *and* Aſteria.

Tam. Thanks, O Propitious Heav'n, thanks my Stars,
And all ye Angels Guards of Innocence,
Which have reſtor'd, and brought into his Right
The wrong'd *Arſanes*, welcome O my Son,
Thy Enemies are dead, the Impoſtors dead,
And with them all Suſpitions of thy Faith,
Thy Injuries are dead —— Oh my *Arſanes*,
A Father in the Face of Heav'n ſalutes thee
A happy Bridegroom, from a Fathers Hand,
Receive thy Fairer Vertues, Fair Reward.
Arſ. O Extaſie! Oh Paradiſe of Joy!
I come ſcarce hoping for a Pard'n, and find
A full Reward, Ineſtimable Treaſure,
Eternal Bliſs; nor is it Fairy Treaſure!
No, no, I have it here, I hold it, graſp it,
A Real Pleaſure, and Subſtantial Good.
But oh let not the fulneſs of my Joy
Make me unmindful of the Noble Giver.
Oh, my *Aſteria* ——
Aſt. My Lord!
Arſ. Thus let us kneel,
With Thanks unto our Father.
Aſt. Our Preſerver!
Arſ. Our new Creator, thus let us lie proſtrate,
And wonder at our ſudden Happineſs.
Tam. Riſe and believe it granted; now witneſs Heav'n,

And ye kind Stars, that ſmile upon our Throne,
With what untroubled Joy I joyn the Hands
Of the bleſt Loyal Pair.
The Sacred Tye juſt *Alha* ſhall confirm,
And as we Sign, Seal your Eternal Loves.

Arſ. Thanks O our Royal Father, God-like Prince,
And double Author of my happy Being.
So may Great *Alha* all your Actions Crown,
And with Eternal Bleſſings Guard your Throne.
As I your worthy Praiſes loudly ſing,
The Kindeſt Father, and the Juſteſt King. [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

LAdies, the Beardleſs Author of this Day,
Commends to you the Fortune of his Play.
A Woman Wit has often grac'd the Stage,
But he's the firſt Boy-Poet of our Age.
Early as is the Year his Fancies blow,
Like young Narciſſus *peeping through the Snow;*
Thus Cowley *Bloſſom'd ſoon, yet Flouriſh'd long,*
This is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.
Youth with the Fair ſhou'd always Favour find,
Or we are damn'd Diſſemblers of our kind.
What's all this Love they put into our Parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of Two Young Hearts.
Shou'd Hag and Gray-Beard make ſuch tender moan,
Faith you'd e'en truſt 'em to themſelves alone,
And cry let's go, here's nothing to be done.
Since Love's our Buſineſs, as 'tis your Delight,
The Young, who beſt can practiſe, beſt can Write.
What though he be not come to his full Pow'r,
He's mending and improving every hour.
You ſly She-Jockies of the Box and Pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken Wit,
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd Jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a Sweat,
And always fails you at the Second Heat.

FINIS